

DAY OF THE DEAD

screenplay

by

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Second version,
First Draft

DAY OF THE DEAD

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE EMPTY STREET OF A CITY IN FLORIDA - DAY 1

No people. A FEW CARS and TRUCKS are parked at odd angles,
abandoned. A TITLE FADES IN, one phrase at a time:

FIVE YEARS...
SINCE THE DEAD FIRST WALKED.

2 EXT. ANOTHER EMPTY STREET - DAY 2

It's AFTERNOON and the sun is bright. We HEAR THE SOUND OF STRONG WIND. The sub-tropical PALMS bend from the push of that lonely sounding WIND and DEBRIS flutters out FROM BEHIND CAMERA (a yellowed sheet from a newspaper, a bit of cloth torn from an American flag) and blows away from us down the street.

Suddenly, with A WET, SCRATCHING SOUND, A LARGE ALLIGATOR scurries INTO FRAME, stops in a patch of sunlight, and looks around.

3 EXT. AN ABANDONED ALLEYWAY - DAY 3

Several MORE GATORS explore. One knocks over A GARBAGE CAN and the thing rolls over the pitted pavement making A LOUD, ECHOING SOUND.

4 EXT. AN ABANDONED BANK - DAY 4

A GATOR crawls out through the open doors of a downtown bank. Some LOOSE BILLS are dragged along under the animal's belly and tail. The WIND blows the money away.

5 EXT. AN ABANDONED DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY 5

THE GLASS has been BROKEN OUT on a department store DISPLAY WINDOW. MANNEQUINS lie about in bizarre positions. ANOTHER GATOR crawls through the tableau.

6 EXT. AN ABANDONED INTERSECTION - DAY 6

GATORS crawl over a '79 CADILLAC. A FEMALE SKELETON sits slumped over the steering wheel. In the back, A BABY'S BONES are strapped into AN INFANT'S SAFETY SEAT. One of the gators THUMPS its tail maddeningly against the windshield. ANOTHER TITLE APPEARS:

FORT MEYERS, FLORIDA. 1987

7 EXT. THE EMPTY STREET (SAME AS 2) - DAY 7
CLOSE ON AN ALLIGATOR. It's head turns as though it's heard something.

8 EXT. THE ABANDONED ALLEYWAY (SAME AS 3) - DAY 8
CLOSE ON ANOTHER GATOR. It turns... listens.

9 EXT. THE ABANDONED INTERSECTION (SAME AS 6) - DAY 9
CLOSE ON A THIRD GATOR. It's at attention like the others. Now we HEAR THE SOUND... SLOW, DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS, approaching, GETTING LOUDER.

10 EXT. MONTAGE (SAME AS 7, 8 AND 9) - DAY 10
QUICK CUTS: THE GATORS turn tail and run away.

11 EXT. AN ABANDONED MARINA - DAY 11
GATORS run through long-unused MOORINGS. They scurry into the water and disappear.

12 EXT. THE ABANDONED INTERSECTION (SAME AS 6) - DAY 12
A GATOR slips into AN OPEN MANHOLE.
ANOTHER slithers into A LARGE SEWER DRAIN in the curb.

13 EXT. THE ABANDONED ALLEYWAY (SAME AS 3) - DAY 13
CLOSE ON A SECTION OF PAVEMENT. THE SOUND of those sluggish FOOTSTEPS has been growing and now it is QUITE LOUD. A SHADOW appears at the BOTTOM OF FRAME. It gets longer and takes on the shape of a man.

TIGHT ON THE AFTERNOON SUN, blinding in the clear Florida sky. Into the FOREGROUND lurches THE FIGURE which cast the shadow. Sun glare obscures all facial detail until the head jogs into a position directly in front of the fiery ball of sun... then we see its hideous, dead eyes, its BLUE-GRAY COLOR, the BLACKENED WOUND where a large portion of jaw has been ripped away. This is a ZOMBIE!

A MUSIC CHORD SOUNDS and THE MAIN TITLE APPEARS:

DAY OF THE DEAD

THE ZOMBIE has stopped walking. It is staring hungrily at...

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE GATORS at the end of the alleyway, trapped with no escape, terrified, they CLATTER over the UPSET CANS, their feet slipping in the rotten GARBAGE from years ago.

THE ZOMBIE watches for a moment. Then it slowly turns and walks AWAY FROM CAMERA toward the mouth of the alleyway. In the BACKGROUND, out there on the street that perpendiculars the alley, we now see OTHER FIGURES walking by.

14 EXT. THE CITY (SAME LOCATIONS AS 1 THRU 6) - DAY 14

HEAD CREDITS ROLL over A MONTAGE:

We see the CITY STREETS again, but now they are populated by the WALKING DEAD. In every shape, size and color, they wander, without purpose, up and down the avenues, in and out of buildings. The city is theirs. They have inherited the place. Man, in his human form, seems to be gone.

As the CREDITS END, we CUT TO:

15 EXT. THE MARINA (SAME AS 11) - DAY 15

We are looking at the place from a HIGH ANGLE. The corner of A TALL BUILDING is in the FOREGROUND. Also in the FOREGROUND, A CORPSE is dangling. It's been dead for some time, months, maybe years. It's mostly bone now, its blackened flesh has been picked almost clean by scavenger birds and harbor rats.

The corpse is HANGING FROM A NOOSE which has tightened sufficiently under its jawbone to hold the skeleton aloft even with its flesh eaten away. A SIGN flaps against the suicide's chest cavity. Its hurriedly scrawled message reads: TAKE ME, LORD. I LOVE YOU.

The noosed rope is lassoed around A STONE GARGOYLE which is cemented onto the corner of the building just above AN OPEN WINDOW from which the person obviously jumped long ago. There are RATS crawling on the gargoyle and on the windowsill. They are CHEWING ON THE ROPE.

THE ROPE BREAKS suddenly and THE CORPSE FALLS OUT OF FRAME.

It's quiet for a moment. THE SOUND OF LAPPING WATER and the THUMPING of boats against the docks in the marina drift in on the WIND.

After several seconds, we CUT TO:

16 EXT. THE MARINA - DAY 16

We're at GROUND LEVEL now. There's A STREET directly in front of us. Across that street is THE HARBOR PARK and, beyond that, THE DOCKS.

SMACK!!! THE CORPSE, falling from above, HITS THE PAVEMENT right in the FOREGROUND OF THE SHOT. IT SHATTERS as though made of potter's clay. BONES separate from one another and bounce over a wide area of the street. THE SIGN, with its pathetically scrawled prayer, is carried off by the WIND.

17 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSER ANGLE) - DAY 17

THE SIGN trots and gallops across the dry brown grass of THE PARK, THE WIND carrying it toward the Gulf of Mexico where, in the BACKGROUND, the masts of A FEW ABANDONED BOATS sway with the easy motion of the bay water.

Slowly, THE SOUND OF A MOTOR FADES IN.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSER ANGLE) - DAY 18

A SMALL MOTOR LAUNCH, old and sea-worn, comes chugging into the harbor.

19 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 19

There are people on board, FOUR MEN AND THREE WOMEN. They look like guerilleros from somewhere in Latin America. They're heavily armed. They're unshaven, covered with months worth of jungle-crud, and they are obviously exhausted. They look up at the city. Their deeply sunken eyes are too war-weary to show much emotion, but we can read their despair.

TONY

Another dead place. I tol' you.
Let's get out to the islands.

MIGUEL

The radio signals were coming from
this area.

TONY

Not from the city. In every city
it's the same. Dead. Let's get
out to the barrier islands. If
there are survivors sending those
signals, that's where we'll find
them.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

Plenty of time for the islands.
The rest of our... life... on the
islands... I think.

MIGUEL has gone a little spacey. The sight of the apparently abandoned city has driven him a few inches closer to the brink of sanity. He catches himself and comes back to the real world.

MIGUEL

We gotta see if there are others
here. We came all this way. We're
gonna check it out.

TONY

Check it out. How many places we
gotta check out before you give up,
heh, Miguel? You ain't heard that
radio signal for five weeks, man.

MIGUEL

We're pullin' in. Ten minutes is
all. We'll check for gas.

20

EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY

20

THE LAUNCH pulls up to THE SERVICE DOCK which has A BOATHOUSE and SEVERAL GAS PUMPS spread out along its length to accommodate the forty and fifty-footers that once sported through these waters.

Like a trained commando squad THE CREW from the launch quickly ties-on. MIGUEL snatches up AN ELECTRONIC BULLHORN and jumps up onto the dock. TWO OF THE MEN AND TWO WOMEN follow him. TONY stays aboard and THE THIRD WOMAN, apparently his mate, stays with him out of loyalty.

TONY

I'm stayin' here, man. First sign
of trouble... I'm gone, you hear?

MIGUEL chooses to ignore TONY. He motions to ONE OF THE MEN beside him on the dock.

MIGUEL

Check the pumps, Chico.

THE MAN AND ONE OF THE WOMEN move off, their AUTOMATIC RIFLES ready for action. MIGUEL AND THE OTHER COUPLE walk up the dock toward THE HARBOR PARK, toward THE CITY.

21 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE HARBOR PARK) - DAY 21

THE TRIO trots up onto the grass. THE WIND blows DEBRIS around them as they stare toward the buildings across the park. MIGUEL lifts THE BULLHORN to his mouth.

MIGUEL
HELLO. IS THERE ANYONE HERE?
HELLO. HELLOOOOOO...

22 EXT. THE CITY (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 22

THE BUILDINGS themselves form a skeleton of the dead society. The flesh is gone, as it was gone from the corpses we saw earlier. That strong Gulf WIND whistles through the skyscraper-bones carrying MIGUEL'S VOICE through the empty cavities between them.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
HELLOOOOOOOO...

23 EXT. THE CITY (SAME LOCATIONS AS 1 THRU 6) - DAY 23

MONTAGE: as the WALKING DEAD HEAR that human VOICE. Throughout the city they turn their heads trying to determine the direction of the source.

THE VOICE BOUNCES around in the concrete chasms, ECHOES back, spirals in the WIND. THE CREATURES on the streets are, at once, confused and excited. They start to GROAN hungrily, almost pleadingly. All over the city their VOICES RISE.

24 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE HARBOR PARK) - DAY 24

It comes to MIGUEL AND THE OTHERS as a MASSIVE WALL OF NOISE. They've heard this before, in other places. THE SOUND of hundreds-of-thousands of damned souls moaning in one solid voice, with the WIND and the cavernous emptiness of the city acting as amplifiers. It's the SOUND of hell on earth.

25 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 25

AT THE GAS PUMPS: THE GUERILLEROS looks up, cold terror in their eyes.

IN THE LAUNCH: TONY AND HIS WOMAN also feel the familiar grip of cold fear. THE WOMAN makes the sign of the cross.

WOMAN #1
Dios mio.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TONY

I tol' him. I tol' him. This is a
dead place. Like all the others.

He grabs the gearshift and rifles the accelerator. The
boat's ENGINE ROARS and WATER CHURNS UP under the hull.

TONY

Get the ropes.

WOMAN #1

Tony. You're not...

TONY

GET THE ROPES! NOW!

THE WOMAN obediently frees the stern tie-line and moves
toward the bow.

AT THE GAS PUMPS: THE MAN sees what is happening.

MAN #1

TONY! WAIT!

He runs back along the dock toward the launch. THE WOMAN at
the pumps remains. She is staring toward the city. The
horrible SOUND of the dead holds her mesmerized.

26 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE HARBOR PARK) - DAY

26

MIGUEL is also mesmerized. He's slipping toward the brink
again, his mind is clicking off the switches that determine
reality.

Having heard the shouting from the launch, SARAH, the woman
beside MIGUEL, summons him out of his stupor.

SARAH

Miguel. MIGUEL!

He turns and sees...

27 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS, MIGUEL'S P.O.V.) - DAY

27

...THE LAUNCH, its ENGINE GROWLING. The stern has already
pivoted away from the dock. TONY'S WOMAN is working on the
straining bowline.

THE MAN from the gas pumps is running toward the boat but
he's still a good thirty yards away.

28 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE HARBOR PARK) - DAY 28

THE OTHER MAN suddenly grabs MIGUEL'S arm. He nods toward the city. MIGUEL AND SARAH follow his alarmed gaze and they see...

29 EXT. THE CITY (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 29

...the first ranks of THE DEAD, shambling out of the deep, shadowed crevasses between the buildings at the opposite edge of the park. Their HUGE MOANING fills the air, louder than a chorus of air-raid sirens now. They've found their prey, they've found the humans.

30 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 30

THE WOMAN IN THE LAUNCH frees the stubborn bowline. TONY leans on the rudder and the boat comes about, its prow aiming toward open water.

31 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE HARBOR PARK) - DAY 31

MIGUEL has snapped-out-of-it. He slaps THE OTHER MAN on his back and, grabbing SARAH'S arm, pulling her along, he takes off toward the dock.

32 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 32

THE WOMAN AT THE PUMPS is still mesmerized. Her hands have started to tremble. Inadvertently she squeezes the lever on THE PUMP NOZZLE she's holding. GASOLINE squirts out, startling her. She jumps back away from the splashing...

...and she is grabbed from behind by A STRANGER. He holds A RUSTING MACHETE to her throat. She's immobile. She can't get to her holstered PISTOL and she can't bring her RIFLE up from under the attacker's arm.

THREE OTHER STRANGERS climb up out of A DERELICT TUNA BOAT. They're human, not walking dead, but they look just as dangerous, maybe more so.

ATTACKER #1

HEY! THE BOAT! THEY'RE PULLIN'
OUT!

ATTACKER #2

STOP 'EM! SHOOT 'EM! SH000000T!

They raise their RIFLES and OPEN FIRE.

33 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 33

MIGUEL'S MAN, who ran from the gas pumps to catch the boat, is trapped in the line of fire. THREE BULLETS SLAM INTO HIS BACK, driving him forward, head-over-heels, off the edge of the dock and into the water.

34 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 34

TONY puts the hammer down and THE LAUNCH JUMPS AWAY FROM DOCKSIDE. BULLETS CRACK THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD AND PING OFF THE HULL. TONY AND HIS WOMAN duck down but they're still exposed in the open-air cabin.

MIGUEL AND COMPANY have reached the dock. They OPEN FIRE as they charge toward the action.

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS turns to face them. Using the swaying BRIDGE OF THE TUNA BOAT for cover, HE RETURNS FIRE.

THE OTHER TWO ATTACKERS keep on FIRING at THE LAUNCH.

35 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 35

TONY'S WOMAN IS HIT NEAR HER RIGHT COLLARBONE. She sprawls onto the floor of the cabin.

TONY screams but he can't go to her. He has no choice but to try to pull out of firing range. He bobs and ducks under the HAIL OF BULLETS. He slams the rudder hard left.

36 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS - ATTACKER'S P.O.V.) - DAY 36

THE LAUNCH pulls around behind ANOTHER LONG PIER which provides partial cover, then it turns out toward open water again.

37 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 37

TWO ATTACKERS keep FIRING at the boat even though it's pulling out of their range.

ATTACKER #2
GODDAMMIT! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

38 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 38

THE MAN WITH THE MACHETE IS HIT IN THE SHOULDER. BLOOD SPLATTERS HIS WOMAN CAPTIVE.

39 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 39

THE MAN screams in pain. His BIG KNIFE comes away from THE WOMAN'S neck and she is able to swing her RIFLE free. She spikes the butt up into the man's face. MORE BLOOD appears. He staggers backward from the blow. The woman moves to draw her PISTOL.

THE MAN WHO IS FIRING AT MIGUEL turns toward her. His AUTOMATIC SPITS a short, lethal burst... BUDDABUDDABUDDA!

40 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 40

BULLETS DRAW A DOTTED LINE ACROSS THE WOMAN'S CHEST. She flies back, slamming into the GAS PUMP. Her feet slip out from under her on the GASOLINE-WET DECKING and she falls, backwards, into the Gulf.

41 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 41

GASOLINE IS STILL RUNNING FROM THE TRIPPED NOZZLE. Most of it is seeping down between the deck boards, but there's A GROWING PUDDLE which is RUNNING TOWARD THE BOATHOUSE.

MIGUEL AND COMPANY have just reaches that BOATHOUSE from the other side, and taken cover behind it.

Now ALL THE ATTACKERS turn toward the BOATHOUSE. The gunfight rages. CHIPS FLY OUT OF THE BOATHOUSE WOOD. In-between those chips, MIGUEL AND HIS COMMANDOS pop out into the open to RETURN BURSTS FROM THEIR AUTOMATICS.

42 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 42

THE WOUNDED ATTACKER IS HIT AGAIN. His body slams down on the decking. His MACHETE flies into the water. His BLOOD MIXES WITH THE RUNNING GASOLINE. He dies.

43 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 43

THE TWO ATTACKERS ON THE DOCK scramble for THE TUNA BOAT, where their buddy is already under cover. They find good spots and they train their GUNS on THE BOATHOUSE again, spitting lead.

MIGUEL'S COMMANDOS pop out, FIRE, and duck, pop out, FIRE, and duck.

MIGUEL'S RIFLE is in his right hand. His left hand clings to AN OPEN WINDOW on his side of the shed.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

There's A SUDDEN, STARTLING MUSIC STING and, with it, A ZOMBIE appears from inside that open window. It's grotesque, with MOST OF ITS FACE MISSING. It drools dark SALIVA as its hungry mouth lunges at MIGUEL'S left arm.

44 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 44

THE ZOMBIE'S TEETH TEAR A LARGE STRIP OF FLESH OUT OF THE TOP-SIDE OF MIGUEL'S ARM, near the wrist just above his watchband.

45 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 45

MIGUEL screams. He pulls back away from THE CREATURE, staring at the BLEEDING WOUND in his arm. There's terror in his eyes. A zombie bite means infection and almost certain death.

THE ZOMBIE leans out through the open window, its hands clawing the air trying to reach MIGUEL.

SARAH pulls A GIANT .45 from her HOLSTER BELT. She raises the gun up as close as she dares to THE ZOMBIE'S HEAD.

46 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 46

BULLAMMM! BULLAMMM! BULLAMMM! SARAH FIRES three rapid shots. THE SKULL OF THE ZOMBIE INDENTS, IN FRONT, like a hard-boiled egg that's been whacked with a spoon bowl. BLACKENED BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER FLY OUT THE BACK where the bullets exit. THE CREATURE falls, destroyed.

47 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 47

MIGUEL has started to tremble. His wide eyes are watering and a cry of primal panic is gurgling up in his throat.

THE OTHER MAN shows concern but he's busy RETURNING FIRE at THE ATTACKERS ON THE TUNA BOAT. WOOD CHIPS FLY off the corner of the BOATHOUSE and THE MAN swings back behind the wall to escape them. He has A MACHETE of his own dangling from his CANTEEN BELT.

SARAH acts quickly. She lunges toward THE OTHER MAN, snatches THE MACHETE out of its scabbard.

SHE moves around behind MIGUEL, who is still petrified.

SARAH
I have to stop the infection...
querrida...

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL turns and looks into SARAH'S eyes. With a sudden move she slams her RIFLE BUTT into the side of his head with all her might. He reels backwards and slams into the BOATHOUSE wall. His eyes roll but he stays on his feet. He's still conscious.

SARAH is crying now. It's not weakness. She's crying for MIGUEL, crying for his pain.

THE OTHER MAN steps away from his post. He stands squarely in front of MIGUEL. His strong left hand grabs him by the jaw. Holding his lolling head erect, WHAP!... he slugs him with a powerhouse right cross. MIGUEL still stands. WHAP! He slugs him again and WHAP! Again. Finally MIGUEL falls into his arms, unconscious. THE MAN lays the limp body down on the decking.

BUDDABLAM! RATTATATTATATT! THE ENEMY, sensing an upper-hand, starts FIRING WITH MORE INTENSITY. THE MAN steps away from MIGUEL and SENDS SOME LEAD BACK their way.

SARAH crouches over MIGUEL'S BITTEN ARM. Without hesitation she raises THE MACHETE over her head...

48 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 48

...THUCK! SHE CHOPS AT MIGUEL'S ELBOW JOINT with all her strength. THE BLADE BITES DEEP BUT DOESN'T CUT THROUGH. SHE LIFTS IT AND CHOPS AGAIN AND AGAIN... THUCK! THUCK!

Then SHE DIGS AROUND, searching for the joint the way she might on a turkey drumstick. Finding the spot, SHE PUSHES DOWN WITH BOTH HANDS ON THE MACHETE. She leans all her weight up onto the top edge of the blade. TEARS are running down her cheeks when THE BIG KNIFE FINALLY... THUMMMPPP!... CUTS THROUGH TO THE DECKING.

Repulsed, angry, SARAH SWEEPS THE SEVERED FOREARM AWAY WITH THE BLADE, the way a butcher might sweep away unwanted fat. BLOOD IS SPURTING OUT OF THE STUMP at an alarming rate. SARAH has to act quickly again.

49 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 49

SHE swings herself up onto the sill of THE OPEN BOATHOUSE WINDOW and disappears inside the place.

THE OTHER MAN continues to pop out between ENEMY ROUNDS to RETURN FIRE. ONE ENEMY BULLET TAKES A BIG BITE OUT OF THE CORNER STRIPPING ON THE SHED. Either the bullet itself or a flying piece of wood CUTS ACROSS THE MAN'S FACE. He jumps back with a cry of pain.

50 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 50

THE ATTACKERS ON THE TUNA BOAT are sensing victory now. ONE OF THEM ventures back out onto the dock. He dodges over to A CLUSTER OF PILINGS and takes cover there.

51 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 51

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOATHOUSE suddenly has his attention drawn to something else. He stares back toward the city, toward that GREAT HUNGRY MOAN that still fills the air.

52 EXT. THE CITY (THE MAN'S P.O.V.) - DAY 52

They're in THE HARBOR PARK now, and getting closer to the docks every second... THE WALKING DEAD... HUNDREDS OF THEM.

53 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 53

THE MAN AT THE BOATHOUSE feels panic rising inside him. He swings out to FIRE at THE ATTACKERS but... KA-PWEEEE... ROUNDS SCREAM PAST HIM from THE MAN WHO MADE IT OUT TO THE PILINGS. The enemy has him pinned down from two angles now. He ducks back.

MAN #2
(calling to Sarah)
HEY! I NEED YOUR GUN OUT HERE.
THEY'RE MOVIN' IN ON US... FROM
BOTH SIDES!

54 INT. THE BOATHOUSE - DAY 54

SARAH is CLATTERING around inside the dark shed. The place is a shambles. There's JUNK EVERYWHERE (oars, bait buckets, fishing gear, life preservers). The stuff looks like it's been knocked about by a giant Cuisinart blade.

Under a stack of 1979 MAGAZINES, SARAH finds A PACK OF MATCHES.

She kicks away some things on the floor, clearing a path to A COLLECTION OF PAINTER'S SUPPLIES. THE ZOMBIE THAT BIT MIGUEL lies nearby with its skull laid open. Its hand is jogged, the motion startling, when SARAH picks up A BOTTLE OF PAINT THINNER.

Quickly SARAH RIPS a cheap cotton CURTAIN down, still on ITS ROD, from the window. Winding the cloth around one end of the rod, she wads it and ties it tight. Then she POURS THINNER onto the wad, she LIGHTS A MATCH and sets it to the makeshift torch.

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PH000000MPH! There's A FLASH OF FLAME and in the hot, yellow light SARAH sees, pulling itself toward her on the floor, ANOTHER ZOMBIE. ONE OF ITS LEGS IS MISSING AND THE OTHER BADLY DAMAGED.

SARAH lurches back, knocking into the table behind her. THE THINNER SPILLS, splashing everywhere. SARAH SWINGS THE TORCH at THE ZOMBIE. The FLAMES cause it to pull back momentarily, but when the woman fumbles for her PISTOL it comes forward again, BLACKENED DROLL FALLING FROM ITS TEETH.

The dancing FLAMES FROM THE TORCH reach out and lick at THE PUDDLE OF SPILLED TURPS. WH000000000000SH! A GIANT FIRE IGNITES all at once.

THE ZOMBIE is terrified by the WALL OF FIRE. It scratches along the floor trying to escape. SARAH reaches into the flame with her torch. She sweeps the overturned TURPS BOTTLE off the table. It flies at the NOW WAILING ZOMBIE. The REMAINING THINNER SPLASHES OVER THE CREATURE and IT IGNITES.

THE ZOMBIE lets out a high-pitched, agonized cry that sounds something like a tugboat whistle. SARAH hurries for the OPEN WINDOW.

55 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 55

THE OTHER MAN is reaching his AUTOMATIC around the corner and FIRING BLIND when SARAH scrambles OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

MAN #2
One of 'em's out of the boat. They
got us pinned down. And look back
there...

SARAH shoots a look toward the city.

56 EXT. THE CITY (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - DAY 56

THE ARMY OF THE LIVING DEAD is even closer now. One or two of THE LEADERS HAVE REACHED THE LANDED EDGE OF THE SERVICE DOCK.

57 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 57

SARAH forces herself to keep calm. She crouches down over MIGUEL'S unconscious form. BLOOD IS STILL FOUNTAINING from the stump of his left arm. SARAH slaps THE FLAMING END OF HER TORCH ONTO THE STUMP. There's a SIZZLING SOUND as the raw flesh there cooks.

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The pain reaches MIGUEL even in his unconscious state. He starts to breath heavily. His head shakes from side to side silently pleading "NO, NO, NO." THE FLAMES do their job. THE FLESH CRUSTS OVER and THE BLEEDING STOPS.

MIGUEL'S SHIRT CATCHES. Suddenly his eyes pop open and he screams like the man on fire that he is. He lurches away from the flame, his body slamming against the wall of the shed.

Suddenly he screams again. Behind his back MORE FLAMES ARE LICKING. THE BUILDING WALL HAS CAUGHT FROM THE FIRE INSIDE. MIGUEL lunges forward and SARAH, flinging her TORCH INTO THE GULF, catches him in her arms.

SARAH
MIGUELITO. MI VIDA. MIGUEL MIO.

MIGUEL, trying to scream but needing to vomit, is doing neither. His body is convulsing in the woman's arms. She rubs the sparks on his shirt until they disappear then she caresses him, holding his head against hers, rocking him back and forth.

58 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 58

THE OTHER MAN tries to pop out for a shot but... BUDDABUDDABUDDA! He's driven back by A HEAVY RAIN OF LEAD. HIS GUN HAND GETS NICKED this time. It's superficial but painful.

MAN #2
JESUS CHRIST! GET UP HERE, WOMAN!
GET THE HELL UP HERE!

SARAH has no choice but to help in the fight. She lays MIGUEL as gently as she can on his back. He's gone into deep shock, shivering violently. SARAH rubs tears away from her eyes and grabs her AUTOMATIC RIFLE. She jumps to her feet. Her eyes drift toward the city.

59 EXT. THE CITY (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - DAY 59

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD is pressing in ever closer. THE LEADERS are only forty... maybe thirty yards away now.

60 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 60

SARAH raises her RIFLE and FIRES A LONG BURST toward THE ZOMBIES.

61 EXT. THE CITY (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - DAY 61

BULLETS RIP INTO THE LEADERS, chewing them up hideously, but only ONE SHOT SEEMS TO BE FATAL, only ONE ZOMBIE IS HIT IN THE HEAD. IT STAGGERS off the pier INTO THE WATER.

62 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 62

MAN #2
WAIT 'TIL THEY'RE CLOSER. EVERY
SHOT'S GOTTA COUNT.

ANOTHER BARRAGE FROM THE ATTACKERS peppers the side of the shed.

MAN #2
HEY! HOLD IT! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, MAN! WE GONNA NEED
EACH OTHER HERE.

THE GUNS GO SILENT. After a moment, A VOICE comes back.

ATTACKER #2
You need us, maybe. We don't need
you. Unless you can get that boat
back here.

MAN #2
You got a boat.

THE TUNA BOAT sways in the water, knocking against the dock. THE TWO ATTACKERS ON BOARD use the break in the action to RELOAD WEAPONS. We get a closer look at #2 now. He's a sleazy lookin' son-of-a-bitch who we instantly despise.

ATTACKER #2
Shit. We can drift this tub into
the bay... tow her around with a
dinghy... but she ain't gonna get
us nowhere. Ev'ry boat you see
here is long dead, soldier... else
we'd be long gone.

AT THE BOATHOUSE, SARAH can't resist ANOTHER BURST toward THE ZOMBIES.

63 EXT. THE CITY (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - DAY 63

Better luck this time. TWO OF THE LEADERS ARE DESTROYED. OTHERS lumber forward, bellowing excitedly, twenty-five yards away now.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Behind them, shuffling over the dry grass of THE HARBOR PARK, HUNDREDS MORE COME... and behind them THE SINGLE VOICE OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS MORE still rises from between the skeletal buildings.

64

EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY

64

MAN #2
(panicking)
HEY... HEY, LISTEN... YOU GOTTA LET
US COME OUT THERE, MAN!

ATTACKER #2
CAN YOU GET THAT BOAT BACK HERE?

MAN #2
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE BOAT WENT,
MAN... I DON'T KNOW.

ATTACKER #2
Then, like I said... we don't need
you. We ain't got the food nor the
patience to put up with any more
than we already got.

MAN #2
YOU... YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!

THE MAN lunges out from behind the shed, his AUTOMATIC
BLAZING. SARAH jumps out after him, trying to pull him back.

SARAH
NO! NO! STOP IT! STOP IT!

BULLETS SCREAM WILDLY THROUGH THE RIGGING ON THE BRIDGE OF
THE TUNA BOAT. THE ATTACKERS pull back safely under cover
but #2 IS WOUNDED IN THE ARM.

THE ATTACKER AT THE PILING FIRES BACK.

SARAH manages to pull HER MAN away just in time. BULLETS
TEARS UP THE WOOD TRIM just behind him.

ATTACKER #2
(pissed like a bear)
YOU JUST DUG YOUR OWN GRAVE,
SOLDIER!

HE AND HIS BUDDY ABOARD THE TUNA BOAT OPEN FIRE with all
they've got.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE BOATHOUSE WALLS START TO LOOK LIKE SWISS CHEESE. THE FIRE from inside the place is SPREADING, THE FLAMES starting to lick their way THROUGH THE WOOD on both sides of the little building.

65 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 65

THE ZOMBIE ARMY is fifteen yards away... maybe ten. SARAH USES SHORT BURSTS NOW. SHE DESTROYS ONE CREATURE... TWO... THREE...

...but MORE FOLLOW. It's hopeless.

66 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 66

THE ATTACKERS are grinning like old-fashioned pirates as their GUNS CHEW UP THE DOCK.

Suddenly... just behind THE TUNA BOAT... we see A FLASH OF COLOR SPEEDING BY...

67 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 67

...It's THE LAUNCH! THE WOUNDED WOMAN is steering. TONY is standing on the prow with his RIFLE raised... RATTATATTATATTATATT!!!!

68 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 68

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS ON THE TUNA BOAT IS HIT FROM BEHIND. HIS BACK TURNS SOLID RED. He pitches forward into some rigging, a dead man.

69 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 69

AS THE LAUNCH COMES ABOUT, THE ATTACKER ON THE DOCK is forced to move around THE PILINGS to avoid TONY'S BULLETS.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOATHOUSE pops out and FIRES.

70 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 70

THE ATTACKER IS CUT DOWN. He falls face-forward onto the deck, his AUTOMATIC splashing into THE PUDDLE OF GASOLINE COMING FROM THE PUMP NOZZLE. The weapon FIRES as the man's death twitches cause his finger to spasm on the hair-trigger... BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA...

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMPH! THE FLAME FROM THE GUN BARREL CAUSES THE GASOLINE TO IGNITE. FIRE RACES ACROSS THE DOCK TOWARD THE BOATHOUSE.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

FLAMES FROM INSIDE THE BOATHOUSE CATCH THE GASOLINE PUDDLE AT THE OTHER END, and within seconds THERE'S A TWELVE-FOOT-HIGH WALL OF FIRE between SARAH'S TEAM and safety.

71 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 71

THE ZOMBIES are within a few feet now, their hands clawing at the air, their TEETH DROOLING. THE FLAMES deter them some, but they're pushing in closer and closer.

SARAH
WE GOTTA RUN THROUGH THE FIRE.
HELP ME WITH MIGUEL.

MAN #2
LEAVE HIM.

SARAH
HELP ME OR DIE!

Her GUN BARREL is suddenly pointed at THE MAN'S heart. Her eyes stab through the smoke like daggers... she means it.

THE MAN slings his RIFLE over his shoulder and stoops to grab MIGUEL under the arms. SARAH takes tight hold on MIGUEL'S shirt collar.

THE ZOMBIES are within inches. ONE OF THEM brushes SARAH'S arm with its outstretched hand.

SARAH
GO! G0000000000!

They take off as fast as they can dragging MIGUEL behind them on the planked deck.

72 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 72

THEY RUN THROUGH THE WALL OF FIRE. On the other side, SARAH lets go of MIGUEL'S collar. She falls on top of him BRUSHING SPARKS away.

THE BACK OF THE OTHER MAN'S SHIRT IS FLAMING. He screams, trying to reach his hands back to slap at the fire.

RATTATATTATATTATATT!!!! BULLETS RICOCHET AROUND THEM.

ATTACKER #2, the main sleaze, is still alive on THE TUNA BOAT... alive and FLINGIN' LEAD.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH pulls MIGUEL toward ANOTHER SET OF PILINGS. THE OTHER MAN, looking to escape THE SHIRT FLAMES as well as THE RICOCHETING BULLETS, dives into the water.

73 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 73

THE LAUNCH swings BEHIND THE TUNA BOAT again and TONY'S RIFLE ROARS.

74 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 74

ATTACKER #2 spins around and FIRES BACK.

75 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 75

TONY IS HIT IN THE STOMACH. He falls to his knees and grabs the side of the boat... but he KEEPS FIRING.

76 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 76

THE ATTACKER ON THE TUNA BOAT pivots around A MAST. For a moment he doesn't realize that HIS NECK HAS BEEN RIPPED OPEN BY A LINE OF BULLETS. He tries to scream. Can't. A PLUME OF RED SHOTS OUT OF HIS MOUTH. Then he realizes... he realizes that he's a dead man. He falls.

77 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE LAUNCH) - DAY 77

WOMAN #1
TONY... TONY...

TONY
PULL IN. GET THE OTHERS.

TONY is clutching at his BLEEDING BELLY as THE LAUNCH circles in toward the edge of the dock.

78 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 78

SARAH drags MIGUEL toward the boat. THE MAN in the water jumps back up onto the deck to help. In a moment, they are all on board and THE LAUNCH pulls off into the Gulf of Mexico.

79 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 79

THE FIRE STILL BURNS but the flame isn't nearly as high now. SOME OF THE ZOMBIES have been able to come through to the other side of THE BOATHOUSE. They're clustering around THE CORPSES OF THE PIRATE ATTACKERS.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THEY BEGIN PULLING THOSE CORPSES APART AND EATING THEM HUNGRILY.

ONE CREATURE PULLS SOMETHING RED AND JUICY FROM THE GAPING WOUND IN ATTACKER #2'S NECK.

ANOTHER SCAVENGER has found MIGUEL'S SEVERED FOREARM. THE CREATURE PULLS A BIG CHUNK OFF THE THING WITH ITS DROOLING TEETH. It chews for a time, its DROOL TURNING RED. Then it spits out MIGUEL'S wristwatch as though it was a bothersome bit of bone.

There's A SUDDEN, TREMENDOUS B000000M and THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

80 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY 80

From A WIDE ANGLE we see that THE GAS PUMPS ARE EXPLODING. THE SERVICE DOCK IS GOING UP like the bridge on the River Kwai.

81 EXT. FORT MEYERS (FROM FAR OUT IN THE GULF) - DAY 81

From miles away THE EXPLOSIONS...THE CITY itself... look like miniatures. THE BOOMS ECHO ACROSS THE WATER and slowly die...

...leaving that awful MOAN IN THE AIR... the voice of the dead civilization.

Even from this great distance it SOUNDS HELLISH.

82 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - DAY 82

THE GUERILLEROS, the five who survived, a TATTERED and BLEEDING bunch, stare toward the receding mainland, toward the HELL THEY CAN STILL HEAR. When we first saw them they were seven with weary, despondent eyes. Now they are five and their eyes are empty, void.

THE TWO WOMEN hover over their wounded, TONY and MIGUEL. THE OTHER MAN steers the boat. Suddenly TONY arches his back and screams in pain.

TONY

Aaaaah... my God... my God... I am heartily sorry... for having offended Thee... offended Thee...

WOMAN #1

Shhhhh... Tony. Rest, rest.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TONY

I detest all my sins... because...
because of Thy just punishment...
because of Thy... just... punish...

A coughing fit interrupts his Act of Contrition. From across the open cabin, from inside SARAH'S arms, MIGUEL stares at TONY. His eyes have the glaze of a madman's eyes. Except for that, and despite the physical trauma he's endured, he seems remarkably in command.

MIGUEL

He is dying. I will end his pain.

MIGUEL pulls his PISTOL from its holster. He cocks it and aims at TONY'S head. TONY'S WOMAN leaves her AUTOMATIC RIFLE lying in her lap but her trigger-hand aims the muzzle at MIGUEL'S chest.

WOMAN #1

You shoot. I shoot. I swear it.

TONY

...but most of all because... they
offend Thee, my God... Who art all
good... and deserving... deserving
of all my love...

MIGUEL

He is dying. He knows it.

WOMAN #1

You are dying, too.

MIGUEL

No. The disease was cut away from
me. I will live. I will live.

WOMAN #1

If you live it's because Tony came
back with the boat to save you.

TONY

I firmly resolve... with the...
with the help... the help of Thy...
Thy... grace.

TONY collapses. A long, gurgling breath of surrender spills out of him and BLOOD TRICKLES FROM HIS LIFELESS MOUTH.

WOMAN #1

Tony... TONY!

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE WOMAN folds TONY'S corpse into her arms as though trying to give it life from her own wounded body. For a long moment there is only the CHUG-CHUG-CHUG of the tired engine and the RHYTHMIC LAPPING of Gulf water against the prow of the launch. Then the woman, sensing something, turns her head back toward MIGUEL.

His PISTOL is still aimed at TONY'S head. That's what THE WOMAN was sensing, the silent threat of that pistol behind her.

WOMAN #1
NO! YOU CAN'T!

SARAH
It must be done. You know this.
It must be done to keep him from...

WOMAN #1
It won't happen to him! It won't happen to him! You heard his prayer. His prayer will save him. He could never become one of... one of those... devils.

MIGUEL
Prayers have no power to save. The knife can save. It can cut the disease away. The bullet. It can shatter the brain where the evil takes seed. These are our saviors... our new saviors.

WOMAN #1
We must wait. One day the curse will pass. One day a dead man will... will...

MIGUEL
One day a dead man will refuse to return, and that man will be a saint. The first saint of our century. That's a prayer, too. A catechism. Something the priests tell us to believe.

WOMAN #1
You can believe this, Miguel. I'll kill you if you shoot. We must wait. I'll do it myself... when it needs to be done.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH looks at MIGUEL. He doesn't look back but he senses her eyes on him. He releases the hammer on his PISTOL and drops his hand to the deck.

MIGUEL

No. You won't be able to do it.
He will rise. He will rise and
you... will die.

That madman's glaze is wet in MIGUEL'S eyes again. A grin curls his mouth into an odd shape. He freezes, staring, waiting. SARAH shows concern.

83 EXT. DEEP WATER WITH THE LAUNCH - NIGHT 83

A CRESCENT MOON lies on its back, a single rocker broken from a hobbyhorse. Below, on the pitch-black water, its reflection appears as a vertical stripe. The stripe breaks open when THE LAUNCH passes through sounding like The African Queen... CHUG-CHUG-CHUG-CHUG.

84 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 84

THE MAN AT THE TILLER has fallen asleep. So has SARAH.

So has THE OTHER WOMAN, her head against the side-rail, moonlight painting her blue-gray. A silent shadow falls over her. Hands reach out and grip her shoulders, lifting her away from the side-rail, lifting her up from sleep. Her eyes flutter open.

TONY'S face, above hers, is also bathed in blue light. It takes THE WOMAN a second or two to recognize that HE IS ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD.

His hungry mouth lunges toward her neck. His drooling teeth sink deep. THE WOMAN screams.

SARAH wakes with a start. THE CAMERA TILTS UP with her as she sits erect and we see that MIGUEL is staring across the cabin. Apparently he's been awake all along. He must have watched TONY'S CORPSE rise, watched it bite THE WOMAN'S neck. Now he watches, his PISTOL idle in his one good hand, his mouth curled in a Cheshire-Cat grin, as THE WOMAN'S SCREAMS shatter the quiet night.

THE MAN AT THE TILLER wakes, sees what's happening, fumbles for the AUTOMATIC RIFLE that's strapped over his shoulder.

85 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 85

A PORK-CHOP-SIZE CHUNK COMES OUT OF THE WOMAN'S NECK IN THE CLENCHED TEETH OF THE TONY-CREATURE. BLOOD SQUIRTS UPWARD in a five-foot arc.

SARAH lifts her RIFLE from her lap. She is the first to FIRE. An instant later THE MAN AT THE TILLER FIRES as well.

THE HEAD ON THE TONY-CORPSE, HIT BY TEN RAPID-FIRE LOADS FROM EACH GUN, COMES APART, ABOVE THE EYES, A PIECE AT A TIME. Its body staggers stiffly into THE WOMAN, whose hands are clutched to her neck in a failing attempt to hold back THE FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD, some of which is flushing down and filling her throat making HER SCREAMS SOUND BUBBLY. When THE TONY-THING falls against her, she topples backward over the side-rail. THE CORPSE, taller and heavier than THE WOMAN, flips rigidly over, its feet kicking skyward, and splashes into the deep, black Gulf. THE WOMAN, the small of her back balanced precariously on the side-rail, grabs at the air as she tries to swing her weight back into the boat.

SARAH rushes forward. She reaches THE OTHER WOMAN a second too late. Their hands brush but don't catch. THE WOMAN slips over the side. A LOUD SPLASH CUTS OFF HER SCREAMS as salt water spits up into SARAH'S face.

86 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 86

THE MAN AT THE TILLER brings the boat about in as tight a circle as possible. He and SARAH stare out over the water.

87 EXT. DEEP WATER (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 87

The BLACKNESS out there is absolute. Visibility zero.

88 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 88

SARAH moves quickly toward the prow.

She reaches A SALT-EATEN SPOTLIGHT. She flicks a switch and A DIM BEAM OF LIGHT slices through the night mist.

89 EXT. DEEP WATER (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 89

THE BEAM MOVES back and forth THROUGH THE BLACKNESS. Its elliptical spot dances over the waves. There's no sign of the overboard woman.

Suddenly... A THRASHING, SPLASHING SOUND followed by A FLUID-CHOKED SCREAM.

90 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 90

SARAH swings THE SQUEAKING SPOTLIGHT wider to the left, wider to the right. THE BEAM IS WEAKENING. She punches the thing with her fist and it flickers brighter. THE SCREAMING CONTINUES out on the water but its direction is indiscernible.

91 EXT. DEEP WATER (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - NIGHT 91

ANOTHER SPLASHING SOUND CUTS OFF THE SCREAMS. THE SPOT darts over the surface of the water but it finds nothing.

92 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT 92

THE LIGHT DIES. SARAH tries punching it again but this time it doesn't work. THE ENGINE STRAINS as THE MAN AT THE TILLER brings the boat around to circle in the opposite direction.

There's ANOTHER SPLASH, ANOTHER SCREAM... then SILENCE.

MIGUEL slowly raises his hand and aims his PISTOL at A LARGE, TURTLE-SHAPED SPLOTCH OF BLOOD on the side-rail across the cabin near the spot where Tony died. With that Cheshire-Cat grin still on his lips, HE BEGINS TO FIRE one shot at a time in a deliberate, slow rhythm.

THE BULLETS PUNCH HOLES through the wooden siding, most of them hitting SQUARELY IN THE BLOOD STAIN.

SARAH looks over toward THE MAN AT THE TILLER, who returns her look with frightened eyes.

MIGUEL runs out of ammunition but he keeps on pulling the trigger. THE MECHANISM CLICKS LOUDLY with the maddening repetitiveness of a metronome set slow. THE ENGINE CHUGS, the invisible WATERS LAP at the launch's hull, and the one-armed man sits alone, not noticing that the gun he's firing is empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

93 EXT. DEEP WATER WITH THE LAUNCH - MORNING 93

THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN finds THE LAUNCH circling still, searching.

94 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - MORNING 94

SARAH sits on the prow holding on to THE DEAD SPOTLIGHT. THE WAVES are higher and more violent than they were in the night and THE LAUNCH is pitching and rolling.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE MAN AT THE TILLER holds the boat on a spiraling course through the dawn-gray waters, his eyes peeled for other objects afloat.

MIGUEL sits amidships slowly reloading his PISTOL. He licks the lead tip of each new bullet sensually before sliding it into its chamber.

SARAH spots something.

SARAH
OVER THERE! THERE'S SOMETHING OVER
THERE!

95 EXT. DEEP WATER (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - MORNING 95
SOMETHING is visible between the swells about fifty yards off to port.

96 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - MORNING 96
THE MAN AT THE TILLER steers toward the sighting. SARAH cups her hands over her eyes forming a visor against the morning sun.

97 EXT. DEEP WATER WITH THE LAUNCH - MORNING 97
THE CAMERA IS AT WATER LEVEL as THE LAUNCH pulls up. In the FOREGROUND floats TONY'S CORPSE. There are SEAGULLS picking at parts of the thing. They fly away, LAUGHING LOUDLY, as the boat draws near.

SARAH, leaning over the prow, recognizes the bloated remains.

SARAH
It's Tony.

MIGUEL
Tony is dead. I shot him.

All at once A HAND SHOOTS UP out of the water. SARAH jumps, startled, and almost tumbles over the side. She saves herself and reaches for her holstered PISTOL.

98 EXT. DEEP WATER (SARAH'S P.O.V.) - MORNING 98
THE CORPSE OF TONY'S WOMAN, ITS NECK BITTEN OUT, is thrashing its arms against the waves. ITS DEAD FACE IS WRINKLED hideously from being so long in the water. It sinks and surfaces, sinks and surfaces, its hungry moans choked off intermittently by the swelling sea. It's not just trying to stay afloat.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

It's trying to reach the boat, trying to reach the live people on board, trying to reach its old compadres who now represent only warm flesh and blood to be devoured.

99 EXT. DEEP WATER WITH THE LAUNCH (SAME AS 97) - MORNING 99

THE CAMERA IS AT WATER LEVEL again. THE CORPSES, one floating face down, the other thrashing desperately, are IN THE FOREGROUND. Behind them, riding the prow of THE LAUNCH, SARAH aims her .45.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! THE BACK OF THE WOMAN CORPSE'S HEAD OPENS TOWARD US AND CHUNKS OF RED, BLACK AND GRAY FLY OUT. The thrashing stops and THE CORPSE lays back in the water. Then it rolls over, face down, beside its mate.

100 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN DEEP WATER) - MORNING 100

SARAH stares down at the grisly sight. It's too much. Her strength and composure fall away like a blanket let go. She begins to shake. Her PISTOL drops to the deck. Her hands fly up to her quivering mouth.

SARAH
Guernica... GUERNICA!!!

THE MAN AT THE TILLER makes the sign of the cross. MIGUEL licks the tip of one final bullet then slides it into its chamber. He slowly, reverently, holsters his PISTOL.

SARAH
GUERNICA!!! GUERNICA!!! DIOS
MIA!!! GUERNICAAAAAAAAA...

DISSOLVE TO:

101 EXT. GASPARILLA'S ISLAND (EST.) - DAY 101

It looks like a tropical paradise, lying north-south in the water, greatly separated from the other smaller islands on the horizon. Its vegetation is dense and lush. There's no sign that civilization ever invaded the place, no power lines, no buildings. What meets the eye is all natural and inviting.

102 EXT. THE ISLAND WITH THE LAUNCH - DAY 102

THE LAUNCH with its THREE HAGGARD REFUGEES comes CHUGGING into A TIDEWATER BASIN on the sundown side of the island.

103 EXT. THE LAUNCH (IN THE BASIN) - DAY

103

SARAH has recovered from her breakdown but she has surrendered to exhaustion and dehydration. She sits slumped in the crook of the prow, her eyes, barely above the side-rail, scanning the inlet disinterestedly.

MAN #2

It looks uninhabited. What do you think?

MIGUEL

I think we should burn the church. Kill the priest and burn the church. It's the only way. The only way.

MIGUEL is sweating profusely yet shivering as though cold. FLIES are BUZZING in a cluster around his crusted stump. He's over the edge now, insane... and worse than that, the infection from the original bite is spreading. The amputation was not done quickly enough to prevent the parasites from racing through MIGUEL'S veins to the brain and elsewhere.

SARAH turns her head toward the madman once her lover. Her heart is too callous for emotion to reach it. She just stares, her eyes dead cold like the eyes of a shark.

MAN #2

I'm pullin' in.

SARAH doesn't respond. Nor does MIGUEL. THE MAN AT THE TILLER steers toward a spot he has picked for anchoring.

104 EXT. THE ISLAND WITH THE LAUNCH - DAY

104

With its engine running slow, THE LAUNCH noses into a swamp water backwash. The tall reeds and cypress moss camouflage it completely. It's as though the boat is sailing right onto dry land.

SHOCK CUT TO:

105 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE INLET - DAY

105

THWOCK! CLOSE ON A MACHETE. The blade chops into the top of a coconut.

SARAH is sitting on a rock, slumped over, staring at the ground. Her RIFLE and A BACKPACK full of supplies are strapped over her shoulders.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Behind her, barely visible through the thick jungle green, is THE LAUNCH, anchored in the backwash.

Nearby, MIGUEL, his madman's eyes wide with excitement, is trotting urgently from spot to spot where a spectacular specie of sub-tropical plant grows. There are hundreds of them, six feet tall and flowering. Their red-gold blossoms are shaped like trumpets hanging with their bells down.

MIGUEL
DATURA!!! DATURA!!! MIRA.
DATURA!!!

THE OTHER MAN brings the cracked COCONUT to SARAH. She takes it and pours the sweet milk into her mouth.

MIGUEL
(running past, heading for
another cluster of the
spectacular plants)
DATURA!!! MIRA, SARAH. DATURA!!!

MAN #2
What's he saying?

SARAH shrugs, not knowing. THE MAN looks down at her. He watches her drink for a moment. He judges her recovered enough to be lucid.

MAN #2
His madness could be from shock.

SARAH
Or it could be that I didn't stop
the infection in time. I know.
(she speaks softly, matter-
of-factly)
Don't worry. If he dies, I won't
be like the others. I'll shoot
him.

MIGUEL
DATURA!!! DATURA!!! DATURA METEL!!!

106

EXT. THE ISLAND JUNGLE - DAY

106

MONTAGE: THE GUERILLEROS hack their way through the thick undergrowth with MACHETES, exploring the island. MIGUEL is ineffectual, chasing after birds, examining plants and rocks and tree stumps. He lags behind SARAH and THE OTHER MAN who are doing the trailblazing.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE AFTERNOON SUN beats down on THE REFUGEES. Their shirts turn dark from perspiration. THE SOUNDS OF WILDLIFE, excited by the intruders, fill the close, humid air, sometimes beautiful, sometimes grotesque, sometimes startling.

107 EXT. A SANDY CLEARING - DAY 107

They cross A SANDY CLEARING where RATTLESNAKES are baking themselves. SARAH has to guide the fascinated MIGUEL away from the deadly things.

108 EXT. A SWAMP - DAY 108

They cross A SWAMP where ALLIGATORS lurk among the reeds. THE LEAD MAN almost slips on the silt underfoot in the calf-deep water. Right in front of him, two yards away, A FOURTEEN-FOOTER opens its jaws wide, making A SOUND LIKE ESCAPING STEAM. THE MAN draws his PISTOL but SARAH reaches out to grab his hand.

SARAH

No. No shooting. Not until we're sure we're alone on this island.

They ease their way around the giant gator. SARAH guides MIGUEL with her free hand tightly gripping the inside pit of his whole arm. SARAH'S herself again, clear-headed, efficient, though still emotionally empty.

109 EXT. THE SWAMP - DAY 109

They turn a bend and approach THE EDGE OF THE SWAMPWATER.

MIGUEL

No. No, thank you. No ice.
Straight up. No ice. Thank you.

His eyes roll up into his head and his legs buckle under him. He splashes to his knees in the marsh. SARAH, still gripping under his arm, barely manages to keep him from falling, face-first, into the muddy water. THE OTHER MAN comes back to help. He and SARAH drag the semi-conscious MIGUEL to the edge of dry land. They flop him onto his back and SARAH puts her canteen to his lips.

MIGUEL

NO ICE, I SAID!!! N0000 ICE!!!

He slams his good hand against the canteen, knocking it away. It plops into the marsh water, its contents lost.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH and THE OTHER MAN exchange glances, then THE MAN moves off through the brush up onto solid ground. In a moment he's out of sight. SARAH looks back down at MIGUEL whose eyes are rolling again.

MIGUEL

Burn the church. Kill the priest
and burn the church. Burn...

His mouth keeps on shaping words but no sound comes out. He squirms on the wet bank, then he seems to fall asleep. SARAH stands up. She drops her BACKPACK beside MIGUEL and follows after THE OTHER MAN.

110 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 110

THE MAN is in a particularly dense thicket when SARAH reaches him. He has found A MANGO TREE. He chops down one of the ripe fruits and moves on slurping its juices. SARAH walks to the tree and picks several mangos. Her pack gone, she has to juggle them in her hands.

THE MAN'S foot kicks something on the jungle floor. It makes A FAMILIAR SOUND, hollow, metallic. He looks down and freezes, mango juice running down his chin, fear in his eyes.

There on the ground lies the thing he kicked. AN EMPTY BEER CAN.

111 THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 111

Suddenly there's A GREAT RUMBLING, like the giant gears and pistons of a drawbridge being activated. THE GROUND BENEATH THE MAN'S FEET SHUDDERS AND STARTS TO MOVE, DOWNWARD, INTO THE EARTH. THE WHOLE JUNGLE SEEMS TO BE VIBRATING. THE MAN can see that A LARGE RECTANGULAR AREA, thirty feet by ten, is dropping away, trees and shrubs with it, at elevator speed, and he's standing on board. He leaps for the nearest edge, landing safely on hard soil. He runs around the rectangle and joins SARAH. She drops her mangos, unslings her AUTOMATIC RIFLE, and the two duck back into the jungle.

112 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 112

They take cover in the thicket, both their guns up and ready. They peer through the dense undergrowth toward the mysterious mechanism.

SARAH

What is it?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2

I dunno. Shhhhhhh. Listen.

OTHER SOUNDS can be heard now, CLUNKING SOUNDS, metal on metal, and HEAVY SOUNDING THUDS. There are also VOICES on the wind but their words are indistinguishable.

113 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 113

THE RECTANGLE, as seen through FOREGROUND GREENS, looks like an open pit now, deep and black. THE NEW SOUNDS persist for a moment, then that tremulous RUMBLING RETURNS.

114 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 114

MAN #2

It's some kind of... elevator.
There must be something under the
ground here... maybe... maybe
military.

SARAH

Look.

115 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 115

THE TREES OF THE ELEVATOR are rising up into view again. Standing among them are several silhouetted FIGURES, A DOZEN, MAYBE FIFTEEN. The silhouettes tell us that this is indeed a military operation. We can read HELMETS on all, HEAVY ARMAMENTS, PACKS AND UTILITY BELTS. The impression through the swimming jungle heat mist is of a ghostly cadre of soldiers rising from hell.

SARAH (O.S.)

Jesus Christ.

MAN #2

It is military. I don't believe
it.

116 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 116

MAN #2

What do we do? Let 'em know we're
here... or what?

SARAH

I dunno. Let's just... wait a
minute. Get a better look.

She moves to another spot a few feet away. THE MAN follows.

117 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 117

On the elevator there is A COLLECTION OF PARAPHERNALIA: METAL-SKINNED CARTONS like the ones ice cream vendors once used when there were ball parks, LONG WOODEN CRATES, LARGE CANISTER CONNECTED TO LONG TUBULAR POLES that look like flame-throwers. THE PLATOON begins to carry the things off the elevator onto solid ground.

THREE OF THE FIGURES IN THE BACKGROUND aren't moving with the others. They're standing still with their shoulders slumped slightly, their heads lolling listlessly from side to side. They have the body-attitudes of prisoners yet there's something menacing about them.

TWO OTHER FIGURES have picked up those LONG TUBES and strapped the CONNECTED CANISTERS onto their backs. Now they approach THE THREE that are standing slumped. There are MORE VOICES but again the WIND carries the words away. Then there is A SERIES OF ELECTRONIC BEEPS, something like computer beeps, and, as though in response to that signal, the three slumped figures start to walk. They move slowly, stiffly, their feet shuffling, their arms dangling lifelessly.

SARAH (O.S.)
Oh... oh, my God.

118 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 118

SARAH'S eyes are wide in their sockets with disbelief, revulsion, horror. Behind her THE MAN, also astonished, again makes the sign of the cross.

SARAH
OH, MY GOD!!!

119 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 119

As we CUT IN CLOSER, we see that THE THREE slumped figures are ZOMBIES. They are WEARING KHAKIS and they are armed with RIFLES AND PISTOL BELTS. Their HELMETS have been PAINTED an identifying bright RED, and they wear slipover VESTS, similar to the numbered pullovers worn by marathon runners, dyed the same RED as their helmets.

ALL THE OTHERS in the platoon ARE HUMANS. They wear Army-issue, KHAKIS AND CAMOS, and over them, to a man, they too, wear fabric VESTS, but theirs are not red like those worn by THE ZOMBIES. They are WHITE WITH LARGE ORANGE CIRCLES emblazoned front and back.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE SOLDIERS WITH THE CANISTERS WIELD THE ATTACHED TUBES as though they were weapons. The things still look like flame-throwers, even up-close, but we can't really be sure what they are yet. THE SOLDIERS seem to be using them to guard THE "RED COAT" ZOMBIES although the creatures, amazingly, are shambling along with the rest of the platoon voluntarily, cooperatively... even somewhat excitedly... the kind of excitement seen in a puppy that's just learned a new trick.

THE PLATOON moves off through the brush, taking all THE PARAPHERNALIA along, a grotesque safari, its masters in league with the living dead.

120 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY 120

MAN #2

It can't be. Are we truly in hell?

SARAH

Come.

Stealthily the woman moves along the edge of the thicket, crouching all the while. THE MAN hesitantly follows her.

121 EXT. A CLEARING - DAY 121

The mysterious PLATOON stops moving only fifty yards away and THE SOLDIERS begin "setting-up." They break out TWO MACHINE GUNS, the kind that sit on TRIPODS, and they load them with long BELTS OF AMMO.

TWO MEN don black RUBBER GLOVES AND LONG BLACK LABORATORY APRONS. They strap those METAL-SKINNED VENDOR'S CARTONS around their necks and open the sealed lids. VAPOR mushrooms out like dry-ice vapor out of Good Humor wagons on a hot day.

122 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 122

SARAH and THE OTHER GUERILLERO pull up behind a cluster of thick cypress trees. They are just peering out toward the clearing when suddenly THE HUGE, FULL-THROATED SOUND OF A SIREN startles them. From the LOUDNESS OF THE SOUND they know its source is very nearby. They look around, up into the trees. SARAH spots something and points.

CLOSE ON A SIREN HORN, high in the cypresses, its WIRES RUNNING DOWN to the brush and DISAPPEARING UNDERGROUND.

123 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 123

First ONE comes... then TWO MORE... THREE MORE... ZOMBIES are shuffling out of the jungle and converging on THE PLATOON.

124 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 124

SARAH'S mouth falls open. Instinctively she pulls her RIFLE up higher on her chest. Her hand grasps the trigger. Behind her THE MAN backs off into the thicket, but only a few feet. He seems mesmerized by the sight in the clearing.

125 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 125

MORE ZOMBIES come. There are TWENTY or so in all now. Half of them are tattered and ragged, but the OTHERS WEAR VESTS, the same type as worn by THE PLATOON. These are solid colors, not orange circles, SOME WHITE, SOME BLUE. None are red.

As THE ZOMBIES push in closer they seem to get more agitated. They start growling and reaching out. THE SOLDIERS aim their weapons but nobody fires. THE TWO MEN WITH THE TUBES AND CANISTERS poke at the more unruly creatures. SPARKS FLY and ZAPPING SOUNDS can be heard. The long tubes are ELECTRIC CATTLE PRODS. THE ZOMBIES snarl when shocked by the things but they calm down after two or three jolts.

THE CREATURES are forming a kind of ragged queue, lining up in front of the "Good Humor" men. From inside their freezer-cartons, those men pull out, with their black rubber gloves, GREAT BLOODY CHUNKS OF RAW MEAT. THE ZOMBIES docilely take the handouts and go lurching out of the queue, some starting to eat immediately, others retreating into the cool of the jungle to enjoy a more private supper.

126 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 126

SARAH

What is that? Could that be...?

THE MAN behind her gets the dry heaves. He slams his hand into his mouth to keep from making noise but he can't stop the retching that pitches up from inside him.

SARAH

No. They must have gotten them to accept... other things... they wouldn't be feeding them with... they wouldn't.

127 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 127

The man in command is obvious, strutting around while others do the dirty work. His uniform is different than the others, more like one Fidel Castro would wear. This is CAPTAIN RHODES, Super-Villain of the first order.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

He's conscienceless, the low of the low, and a weaselly looking guy, to boot.

RHODES watches the operation almost hoping for trouble. (He loves to torture disobedient ZOMBIES). Behind him, their AUTOMATICS ready, are SEVERAL TROOPERS especially assigned to protect the captain.

One of these troopers is TOBY TYLER, a good guy.

We notice that the most docile of THE ZOMBIES are the ones with vest. Tantrums break out only among the ragtag creatures but even they are handily zapped back into line by THE SOLDIERS WITH THE ELECTRIC PRODS.

MORE CREATURES come shuffling out of the jungle to get their "rations." SEVERAL of the ones already served are sitting on the ground at the edges of the clearing, munching away.

TOBY TYLER is clearly revulsed by the scene. He drops his head, almost gagging. RHODES notices.

RHODES

You'll get used to this, Tyler.
It's the only way. They don't bite
the hand that feeds.

TOBY looks up. He can't conceal his contempt for the captain. RHODES reads it in his eyes and is about to say something else when A SOUND distracts him.

128

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

128

ONE OF THE RAGTAG ZOMBIES is running amok. THE ZAPPERS poke at the creature. SPARKS fly left and right but THE ZOMBIE just seems to be getting angrier.

RHODES

(shouting)

GET THAT THING AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS! BRING IT HERE!

ONE TROOPER has A LONG POLE WITH A WIRE LOOSE on the end. He drops the noose over THE ZOMBIE'S head and the wire tightens, biting into the dead flesh on the neck. THE ZOMBIE clutches at the noose with one hand while the other claws at THE MAN WITH THE POLE. The pole is long enough to control the creature while keeping it out of reach. THE MAN is able to drag THE ZOMBIE, stumbling and gurgling, over toward the captain.

129 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 129

SARAH watches, angry but fascinated. THE MAN behind her has gotten his retching under control but he still has one of his wrists jammed into his mouth to hold back any spontaneous sounds.

Without warning, A ZOMBIE LOOMS UP behind THE MAN, its hands clutching at his shoulders. THE MAN jumps forward, terrified. He crashes into SARAH who spins and sees the advancing creature.

130 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 130

CAPTAIN RHODES HEARS THE SCUFFLING... at least he thinks he hears something. There's so much NOISE IN THE CLEARING he can't be sure.

131 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 131

THE MAN turns his AUTOMATIC on THE ZOMBIE. SARAH grabs the gun barrel.

SARAH
No. They'll know we're here.

THE ZOMBIE has turned its attention to SARAH now. It's moving toward her with clutching hands, moaning and DROOLING thick saliva. Deftly, with a matador's moves, the woman slides along a cypress trunk, drawing her MACHETE. THE ZOMBIE lunges. With one fluid action SARAH ducks aside and swings the big knife.

132 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 132

THE ZOMBIE stumbles into the tree and THE MACHETE CHOPS DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL. Its brain cut open, the creature twitches, then collapses.

SARAH is trying to free the blade when ANOTHER ZOMBIE, this one WEARING A BLUE VEST, shuffles up behind her.

133 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 133

She spins to face the thing. Her blade comes up... but THE ZOMBIE pays her no mind. It lurches right past, heading for the clearing.

Behind it, TWO MORE APPEAR. Then A THIRD. These have no vests. They're ragtag, badass and hungry-as-hell. ONE grabs the woman. She pulls away, swings her knife, misses.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

As THE OTHERS close in, THE MAN panics. He raises his RIFLE and... RATTATATTATATTATATTATATT!!!

134 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 134

THE LEAD ZOMBIE'S HEAD CRACKS APART FROM THE BULLETS.

135 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 135

RHODES HEARS THE GUNFIRE. He seems pleased. He grins.

RHODES

We have visitors. Let's go, men.
Keep that thing tied up 'til I get
back.

The last instruction is to THE TROOPER WITH THE POLE NOOSE who is holding THE RAMPAGING ZOMBIE. RHODES moves toward the thicket slowly, followed by TOBY TYLER and SEVERAL OTHER SOLDIERS. He reaches down to his belt and pushes one of THREE BUTTONS on A UNIT that looks like a pager. ELECTRONIC BEEPS, like the ones we heard earlier, come from the unit and, though this time in a different pattern.

THE RED COAT ZOMBIES respond quickly. They draw their PISTOLS and go marching off after their leader, grunting and snorting like bull apes.

RHODES looks back over his shoulder, sees the snorting ZOMBIES, and his grin turns into a wide-open laugh.

RHODES

Hah! If only the rest of you
ladies would obey orders the way
they do.

136 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 136

Their cover blown, SARAH now raises her RIFLE.
BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA!!!

THE SECOND ZOMBIE'S HEAD TURNS TO RED PULP and the thing pitches forward, dead.

THE MAN FIRES.

THE THIRD ZOMBIE IS DESTROYED.

Suddenly there is DISTANT FIRE, from the clearing. BULLETS WHIZ through the brush, RICOCHETING off the cypress trees. THE GUERILLEROS duck for cover. THE MAN peers out toward the clearing.

137 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

137

THE RED COAT ZOMBIES, shuffling forward abreast in a line, HAVE OPENED FIRE. Their PISTOLS are BLAZING. Striding alongside is CAPTAIN RHODES, who is now laughing like an amusement park fun house puppet.

THE ZOMBIES are unsteady on their feet. Their hands shake when they squeeze the stiff Army-issue triggers. BULLETS WHIZ this way and that, most of them grossly off target. The creatures, seeming to enjoy the action, appear as a grisly parody of foot soldiering.

RHODES

THAT'S IT, YOU WORM-EATEN SLIME!
YOU FOUL-SMELLING, PUS-FACED
MAGGOTS! I TOLD YOU I'D FIND YOU
SOME REAL ACTION, DIDN'T I? YOU
CORRUPTION! YOU FILTH! YOU'RE
LEARNING! YOU'RE GETTING BETTER...
GETTING BETTER... GETTING BETTER,
YOU SCUM!

THE TROOPER BESIDE TOBY is another young man whose nickname is TRICKS. He and Toby exchange glances as they trudge along behind RHODES and his ZOMBIE RED COATS. Their eyes indicate that they both think RHODES to be insane, which of course he is.

138 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

138

The sight of THE SOLDIER-ZOMBIES is too much for THE GUERILLERO to take. He stands up into view, lifts his RIFLE and FIRES wildly into the clearing.

MAN #2

NO! NOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

139 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

139

RHODES actually keeps on laughing as BULLETS FLY PAST HIM. TWO OF THE RED COATS ARE HIT, but not in the head. Their brains keep functioning and they march on.

RHODES

SPREAD OUT MEN! OPEN FIRE!

Whatever else he is, RHODES seems fearless. Maybe that's part of his kind of insanity. He stands in the open as his HUMAN SOLDIERS fan out. He notices that THE RED COATS are out of ammunition. He pushes ANOTHER BUTTON ON HIS BELT-UNIT AND MORE BEEPS SOUND. THE RED COATS stop in their tracks.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

They dump the SPENT SHELLS out of their weapons and start to reload using FRESH ROUNDS FROM THEIR HOLSTER BELTS. Their fingers are stiff. Three bullets fall to the ground for every one that finds its way into a gun chamber.

THE SOLDIERS have opened FIRE NOW. They are closing in on the thicket.

140 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

140

THE GUERILLERO IS HIT high on the right side of his chest. He falls back against a tree, spins, and keeps on RETURNING FIRE.

SARAH tries to pull THE MAN deeper into the jungle but he resists. He's completely panicked now, and in shock as well. He FIRES HIS AUTOMATIC in every direction as though he was being attacked from all sides.

BULLETS WHINE THROUGH THE HUGE GREEN LEAVES. ONE SLICES OFF A SHARP SLIVER OF CYPRESS WHICH STABS SARAH IN THE FACE. She has to pull the thing out. BLOOD flows. She FIRES A FEW SHORT DELIBERATE BURSTS into the clearing and she backs away, still trying to pull THE WOUNDED MAN WITH HER.

Suddenly, from right behind SARAH'S back, comes A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. A DARK FIGURE LOOMS UP startling us all.

MIGUEL
BURN THE CHURCH! KILL THE PRIEST!

It's MIGUEL, sweating, his eyes sunken in deep black sockets. He is charging toward the clearing with his AUTOMATIC BLAZING in his one good hand. He thunders right past SARAH, almost knocking her down, and he breaks out into clear view of THE SOLDIERS.

141 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

141

RHODES sees THE ONE-ARMED WILD MAN. His grin dissipates slightly. He stops walking and draws his own PISTOL, an enormous Magnum, and elephant stopper.

MIGUEL
KILL THE PRIEST! BURN THE CHURCH!
BURN! BURN! BURN! BURN! BURN!

MIGUEL charges toward TWO SOLDIERS who are scrambling for cover. His gun is firing constantly, the muzzle waving in circles.

142 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 142

BULLETS DRAW A LINE ACROSS ONE SOLDIER'S CHEST. He dies instantly. HIS BUDDY dives into AN ARROYO at the edge of the jungle, escaping.

143 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 143

A BULLET HITS MIGUEL FROM BEHIND, RIPPING A RED HOLE WHERE IT EXITS JUST BELOW HIS ADAM'S APPLE. MIGUEL turns toward the direction of the shot. His RIFLE SPITS LEAD.

144 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 144

SOLDIERS scatter, TOBY AND TRICKS among them. ANOTHER MAN IS HIT. He rolls over, dead. A FOURTH TROOPER RETURNS FIRE.

145 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 145

MIGUEL IS HIT AGAIN. He spins, falling to his knees. His RIFLE FIRES A LINE OF BULLETS INTO THE EARTH and the kicking of the gun knocks him back on his ass. He sits there bewildered for a moment, then he looks up to find himself directly facing CAPTAIN RHODES.

THE CAPTAIN is taken by surprise by MIGUEL'S lunatic eyes. For the first time since the battle began his smile fades altogether, replaced by a flush of fear. He knows to be afraid of a madman for he, himself, is mad. He lifts his Magnum but MIGUEL is faster with his RIFLE. In the next instant the muzzle is aiming directly at RHODES' stomach.

MIGUEL
Kill the priest.

MIGUEL pulls the trigger and THE WEAPON CLICKS SHARPLY... it's empty.

THE CAPTAIN'S smile slowly returns. He holsters his Magnum and pushes the "ATTACK" BUTTON on his BELT-UNIT.

THE RED COATS advance, their PISTOLS RELOADED. THEY FIRE, stiff-armed and fumble-fingered, at MIGUEL. He sees them moving toward him. THE FIRST FEW BULLETS MISS. Something in his mind clicks and he recognizes the creatures for what they are... walking dead.

146 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 146

A BULLET HITS MIGUEL IN HIS STUMP and reality gets even clearer. He starts to scream.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE RED COATS are getting closer. Their dead eyes seem to reflect enjoyment of the sport. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ANOTHER SHELL HITS MIGUEL IN THE STOMACH. ANOTHER CREASES HIS HEAD. He tries to stand up but he's too weak. HE'S HIT IN THE NECK and his screams stop. Then HE'S HIT IN THE HEART. A BALL OF BLOOD PROJECTS OUT OF HIS MOUTH and he plops onto his back, dead.

THE RED COATS KEEP FIRING until their guns are empty again. RHODES, grinning, on the verge of a laugh, pushes the "RELOAD" signal and the creatures obey.

MIGUEL'S CORPSE twitches for a short time before it goes rigid.

147 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 147

SARAH sinks against a cypress when she sees MIGUEL die.

THE OTHER GUERILLERO, his WOUND BLEEDING PROFUSELY, takes off along the edge of the thicket.

148 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 148

He breaks through some brush to find himself face-to-face with TOBY TYLER'S GROUP OF SOLDIERS. He stops, reverses course, and ducks into a cluster of finger-palms. ONE OF THE SOLDIERS FIRES. RATTATATTATATT!!!

BULLETS RIP THE PALM FRONDS APART. There's A SCREAM... and THE GUERILLERO somersaults out into view, NEW WOUNDS BLEEDING ACROSS THE CENTER OF HIS CHEST.

149 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 149

SARAH realizes that this is her last chance to escape. She takes advantage of the confusion and THE NOISE. She bolts into the jungle at a full run.

150 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 150

THE GUERILLERO is still alive. His RIFLE has landed several feet away from him. He struggles to reach it. Can't. He HEARS THE SOUND OF THE TROOPS APPROACHING. He fumbles for his HOLSTERED PISTOL but before he can draw it, THREE TROOPERS are on top of him.

TRICKS tromps a boot on the hand that's trying for the PISTOL. TOBY stands over THE MAN, his RIFLE BARREL inches from his sweating brow.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MAN #2

Yes... yes, do it... please... you
can't let me die this way...
please. Destroy me. A bullet...
in the head... I don't want to
become... one of... one of them...

TOBY looks down at THE MAN, at his TERRIBLE WOUNDS, clearly fatal ones. It's just a matter of time. TOBY CLICKS a shell into the firing chamber. His finger is sliding under the trigger shield when CAPTAIN RHODES strides up behind him.

RHODES

Take his weapon, Tyler.

TOBY is startled by the voice at his back. He turns toward THE CAPTAIN, then he looks back down at THE GUERILLERO, hesitating.

RHODES

Take his gun, asshole. He still
has the strength to pull a trigger!

TOBY reaches down for THE MAN'S PISTOL which is dangling half out of its holster. When TOBY lifts the weapon out of reach, TRICKS takes his boot off THE MAN'S shivering hand. THE MAN looks up at RHODES now and directs his plea to him.

MAN #2

Please... senor... destroy me...
one bullet... please.

RHODES

Maybe. We'll have a little talk
first. Then... maybe I can help
you out. String him up.

This last order is barked at CARTER, the third soldier in TOBY'S group, the one who actually shot THE GUERILLERO. Unshaven and moonfaced, his sadistic grin shows several teeth missing. He's a junior version of RHODES, physically stronger but mentally mummified. He reaches down and grabs THE GUERILLERO under the arms with not even a thought for THE MAN'S pain. THE MAN screams in agony.

TOBY moves to help but RHODES stops him.

RHODES

Carter can handle it, Tyler.
You've been buckin' for a shit
detail lately so here's one you're
gonna love. We've got two dead.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES (cont'd)
Cut the heads off and get the
bodies underground to the
refrigerators. Fast. It's a hot
day.

TOBY grimaces but doesn't speak. He turns and moves away
briskly. TRICKS follows. RHODES allows himself a short
laugh before walking toward the clearing himself.

151

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

151

TOBY AND TRICKS are passing near the spot where MIGUEL lies
sprawled in A POOL OF BLOOD when RHODES calls after them.

RHODES
Tyler. Just our men. Not him.

TOBY looks down at THE REMAINS OF THE ONE-ARMED MAN.

RHODES
His head stays where it is. He and
I never really had the chance to
get acquainted. When he comes
back... I'll get another shot at
it... ha ha ha ha...

TOBY moves toward the supply piles without another glance at
RHODES. THE CAPTAIN'S LAUGHTER follows him and THE SOUND
makes his blood boil. His face tells us that he's capable of
anything just now. His hands tighten on his AUTOMATIC. For
a moment it seems as though he will turn and fire.

He comes suddenly face-to-face with THE RED COAT ZOMBIES,
still in a line abreast. Toby stops in his tracks, his
finger on his RIFLE trigger, his eyes seething with contempt.

THE RED COATS sense his aggression. Their lips curl back and
they start to SNARL. They shift on their feet, swaying like
provoked gorillas. Their hands drop to their holsters. One
actually draws its PISTOL.

TRICKS trots up and puts a calming hand on TOBY'S gun arm.
TOBY relaxes some. He looks at his buddy, then back at THE
RED COATS, still seething, snarling, swaying.

TRICKS steps forward puffing out his chest. With his hand he
taps the BRIGHT ORANGE CIRCLE in the center of his vest. THE
RED COATS look at the symbol. Their heads tilt from side to
side, like the head of a dog when he's trying to comprehend
something. TRICKS taps TOBY'S CIRCLE, then his own again.
Finally, THE RED COATS calm down. THE ONE with the DRAWN
PISTOL holsters it again.

152 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 152

CLOSE ON THE WOUNDED GUERILLERO. He's got A ROPE LASSOED around his upper chest and under his armpits. He's DANGLING from A TALL CYPRESS TREE at the edge of the clearing, his feet a good ten feet off the ground.

Below him, A RAGTAG ZOMBIE, one without a vest, is reaching up hungrily, DROOLING, GROWLING, trying to reach THE GUERILLERO'S legs. BLOOD falls from THE MAN'S WOUNDS in great droplets and streams. When the BLOOD HITS THE ZOMBIE on its face, on its hands, it licks it up like a man in the desert licking water.

ZZAPPP! ZZZZZZZZZAPPPP!!! THE MEN WITH THE CATTLE PRODS herd THE ZOMBIE AWAY. It snarls as it goes. THE GUERILLERO, pale from blood loss, in excruciating pain, terrified over what his fate might be, starts to scream.

153 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 153

ZOMBIES WANDER here and there. They've all received their RATIONS and are looking for a quiet place to picnic. Occasionally one of them gets surly but it doesn't amount to anything. THE SOLDIERS patrol with their ELECTRIC PRODS. OTHERS are ready with GUNS.

THE PARAPHERNALIA is being packed away, the "feeding" operation is over. MEN CARRY EQUIPMENT in the direction of the elevator.

THE GUERILLERO'S screams fill the air.

154 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 154

RHODES walks up beneath THE CYPRESS TREE where THE MAN is hanging. He's careful not to step in too close. He doesn't want to get the DRIPPING BLOOD on his uniform.

RHODES
Quiet. I SAID QUIET!

THE MAN stops screaming. He looks down pleadingly.

MAN #2
Please... shoot me.

RHODES
And if I don't? If I don't you'll
come back after your death. You'll
come back and find yourself hanging
there... wanting to eat...
(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES (cont'd)
 needing to eat human flesh. You
 hate that thought, don't you?
 That's the ultimate sin for you
 rebel fools isn't it?

THE MAN is weeping now. With a found spurt of energy he
 struggles against the rope, but the pain is too much. There
 is no escape.

RHODES
 After hanging up there for a few
 days you will be mad for food...
 crazed... you will LUST FOR IT!
 YOU WILL BE WORSE THAN ANY OF THEM!

RHODES points toward one edge of the clearing.

155 EXT. THE CLEARING (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY 155

A FEW ZOMBIES sit among the weeds. OTHERS shuffle past
 carrying their bloody bits of lunch-meat. They bite at the
 stuff hungrily even as they walk away. It's a vile and
 repulsive scene.

156 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 156

MAN #2
 NO... NOOOOOOOO... SHOOT ME! SHOOT
 ME! SHOOOOOOOT MEEEEEEEEEE!!!

RHODES
 I'll bargain with you. How many of
 you are on the island?

MAN #2
 THR... TWO OF US... ONLY TWO OF US
 CAME... ME AND HIM...
 (he nods toward MIGUEL'S
 corpse)

RHODES
 I don't believe you. How many of
 you are in the city now? Where are
 your headquarters? Fort Meyers?

MAN #2
 Fort Meyers... is dead... a dead
 place... nobody there... nobody...
 please...

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES

Where are your headquarters? Tell me or I'll let you hang there forever... FOREVER!

MAN #2

There are no headquarters... don't you see... they have won... there are no headquarters... there are no rebels... only the walking dead... Aaaaaaaaaaargh... please... PLEASE!!!

RHODES

Then why did you come here?

MAN #2

To look... look for a place... with no people... a place... to live in... an empty space... a new place.

RHODES

You came to attack us. How did you know we were on this island? Do others know? Will others come?

MAN #2

NOOOOO! BELIEVE ME! THERE ARE NO OTHERS... NO REBELS... NOBODY... THERE'S NOBODY... IT'S OVER... IT'S... Oooooo...

THE MAN collapses, unconscious. RHODES goes on talking as though THE MAN could hear.

RHODES

You'll talk. Think about it. Think carefully. I'll be back before we leave to give you one last chance.

THE MAN'S head is dangling down, folded into his chest. He's out cold. He might already be dead. RHODES turns and sees CARTER. The big oaf is standing there with THE POLE NOOSE and THE UNRULY ZOMBIE that was captured earlier. Rhodes grins.

RHODES

I almost forgot.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE TWO MEN stride off across the clearing, CARTER dragging the stumbling creature. THE WIRE IS EMBEDDED DEEPLY IN THE ZOMBIE'S NECK NOW AND ROTTEN, BLACK BLOOD IS OOZING. As they walk, RHODES pulls something off his UTILITY BELT.

157

EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

157

CLOSE ON THE DISEMBODIED HEAD OF ONE OF THE DEAD SOLDIERS. TRICKS is dropping the thing into A LARGE PLASTIC BAG which obviously already contains THE SECOND HEAD.

TOBY wrinkles and wraps the mouth of THE BAG and begins to walk off when RHODES AND COMPANY moves by.

RHODES

Where are you going, Tyler?

TOBY

My... "detail," sir. We're going to bury the heads.

RHODES

No time for that. I'll take care of them.

TOBY stares at THE CAPTAIN. He knows that the offer to "take care" of the heads isn't being made in the interest of saving TOBY some work.

TOBY

Just... following procedure, sir. They're entitled to burial.

RHODES is keeping a mental list of TOBY'S insubordinations. He has it in for TOBY (we'll find out why later) and, of course, the feeling is mutual.

RHODES

I said, I'll take care of it. Just leave them there. Go help with the rest of the gear.

TOBY sets the bag down on the ground as gently as possible. RHODES turns and walks briskly after the lumbering CARTER who is dragging THE CAPTIVE ZOMBIE into the edge of the jungle.

TOBY, seething, spins and trots toward the OTHER SOLDIERS who are packing up. TRICKS follows.

158 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 158

The thing RHODES pulled from his belt is A HAND GRENADE. With GLOVED HAND, THE CAPTAIN manages to shove the thing into THE CAPTIVE ZOMBIE'S gaping mouth. When RHODES lets go, the trip-handle on the grenade activates. CARTER releases the noose and THE TWO MEN take off running.

159 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 159

TOBY AND TRICKS are the only ones who notice what RHODES is doing. THE OTHER TROOPERS are carrying SUPPLIES off toward the elevator.

RHODES AND CARTER run to the middle of the clearing. Then they turn around to watch. RHODES lifts A PAIR OF BINOCULARS that are strapped around his neck. He stares through the lenses, focusing.

160 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY 160

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: We see THE ZOMBIE. It's staggering around in the brush clawing desperately at the thing jammed in his mouth. It collides with ANOTHER ZOMBIE which is shuffling off carrying its ration of food. A THIRD sits on the grass just this side of the thicket.

161 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 161

TOBY drops THE CRATE he was going to carry off. He stares across the clearing in disbelief. There's hatred in his face.

162 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING (TOBY'S P.O.V.) - DAY 162

WIDE SHOT as THE HEAD OF THE ZOMBIE DISINTEGRATES WITH A DULL-SOUNDING BOOOOOM THAT ECHOES ACROSS THE CLEARING. THE EXPLOSION ALSO DESTROYS THE OTHER TWO ZOMBIES. THE ONE WALKING BY IS BLOWN INTO A TREE. THE ONE ON THE GROUND this side of the thicket TAKES A LOAD OF SHRAPNEL IN THE BACK OF ITS BRAIN. It pitches forward and lands with its face in its BLOODY FOOD.

163 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY 163

RHODES, his binoculars still at his eyes, grins as he watches the spectacle.

Suddenly, A LOUD GUNSHOT startles THE CAPTAIN. He drops the binoculars and spins around. He and CARTER scan the area. No more gunfire. Nothing seems amiss... then RHODES sees...

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

...THE GUERILLERO ON THE ROPE. His body hangs limp. His HEAD IS BLOODY. He is dead. And he will not come back to life. He's been shot through the brain.

RHODES
WHO FIRED THAT SHOT? WHO FIRED
THAT SHOT?

164 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

164

SOLDIERS stand around dumbly. Those with RIFLES in their hands quickly sling them onto their shoulders. They're all afraid of THE CAPTAIN'S wrath.

RHODES walks toward the LINE OF MEN with fury in his eyes. CARTER tags along behind ready to kick ass if ordered.

RHODES
Goddammit, somebody's gonna tell me
who fired that shot or I'll have
every last one of you chopped up
for feed!!!

He stops walking when his eyes fall on TOBY standing behind the crate he dropped earlier. TRICKS stands several yards away. All the men look nervous.

RHODES
Step up here, Tyler.

TOBY
Sir.

He shouts the word like a West Point Cadet and he bravely steps forward. RHODES stares him down, his anger turning sinister.

RHODES
You fired that shot, didn't you?

TOBY
No, sir.

RHODES
Let me see your weapon.

TOBY unslings his RIFLE and passes it over. THE CAPTAIN feels the barrel, sniffs it.

RHODES
It's been fired.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

In the battle with the rebels, sir.

RHODES is sure he's found the guilty man and he's glad it turned out to be TOBY, his favorite whipping boy. His body relaxes visibly. No punishment he could dream up on the spot would be delicious enough. RHODES wants time to think up something... special.

RHODES

It may be that none of these chicken-shits will talk while the whole troop is present... but I know some of these men well. I'm sure that a few private conversations will tell me what I already know.

He slams THE RIFLE back into TOBY'S hands. TOBY doesn't flinch. He quickly slings the weapon back onto his shoulder.

RHODES looks over toward THE DEAD GUERILLERO dangling from the rope.

RHODES

(to CARTER)

Cut him down.

(back to TOBY)

There's another head for you to chop off, Tyler. Leave it with the others. Take the rest of his body to the freezers. Move it, shit hill.

TOBY moves off.

165 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

165

Here and there around the clearing ZOMBIES sit, still eating. Their GRUNTS and MOUTH-FULL-OF-FOOD-SNARLS contrast against THE SOUNDS OF EVENING BIRDS which are just beginning. High in the treetops, VULTURES look down, waiting for morsels they will never get.

166 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE - EVENING

166

CLOSE ON AN ELABORATE CONTROL PANEL, switches, dials, colored lights. HANDS are at work pushing buttons, throwing levers.

There's that GIANT SOUND again, the RUMBLE OF THE ELEVATOR, only this time it's ECHOING, BOUNCING, SPINNING AROUND US, making our bones tremble.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

We're INSIDE the place called THE CAVE, in A HUGE UNDERGROUND CONCRETE BUNKER. TECHNICIANS AND ARMED GUARDS bustle around. In the center of the space there's AN ENORMOUS PIT with TWO GIANT HYDRAULIC PISTONS that are LOWERING THE ELEVATOR, bringing it down from the surface.

As we see THE TOP OF THE ELEVATOR PLATFORM we see THE TREES AND SHRUBS used to camouflage it up in the jungle, and standing on board RHODES AND HIS PLATOON prepare to unload THEIR PARAPHERNALIA.

As THE ELEVATOR SETTLES, with AN HEAVYWEIGHT THUD that shakes the room, RHODES speaks to one of THE "FEEDERS." THE MAN, still wearing his BLACK RUBBER GLOVES AND APRON is carrying THE PLASTIC BAG that now holds THREE HUMAN HEADS.

RHODES
I'll take that.

THE "FEEDER" hands THE BAG over.

Quickly, THE ELEVATOR IS UNLOADED AND SENT BACK UP. As it rises, MEN carry THE EQUIPMENT off in different directions presumably to store it, for the night. Conspicuous among the loads of hardware are THE DECAPITATED BODIES OF TWO DEAD SOLDIERS AND ONE DEAD GUERRILLERO.

167 EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

167

THE RED SUN IS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR below the tree line. SARAH, sweating, exhausted, BLEEDING FROM CUTS made by jungle branches, wrings out A PIECE OF CLOTH torn from her sleeve. She has dipped it into a jungle stream. Cautiously she tastes the water. Decides to chance it She squeezes the cloth into her mouth then, using her hands, cups up some water directly from the stream and drinks it.

A SNAKE swims past. THE NIGHT BIRDS suddenly stop their singing. The QUIET makes SARAH look up.

Standing across from her, on the other side of the stream but only ten feet away, is A PARTICULARLY GROTESQUE ZOMBIE. ITS CHEEK AND NECK ON THE LEFT SIDE AND THE LEFT SIDE OF ITS CHEST HAVE BEEN EATEN AWAY BY JUNGLE SCAVENGERS. MAGGOTS AND WORMS CRAWL ALL OVER THE WOUNDS. VULTURES stand on the marshy ground beside the creature's legs, THEIR SHARP BEAKS PICKING BLOODY HOLES IN ITS ANKLES AND FEET.

THE ZOMBIE reaches its arms out toward SARAH and moans longingly. SARAH jumps to her feet, fighting back exhaustion one more time. She unslings her RIFLE, aims it... then thinks better of firing. She shoulders the weapon again.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Backing up a step at a time, she slowly moves her hand toward THE MACHETE in her belt.

With A GROWL, THE ZOMBIE lurches forward. THE VULTURES, startled, BEAT THEIR WINGS AND SCREECH LOUDLY. ONE OF THEM FLIES right toward SARAH. She freaks! Grabbing up her SUPPLY PACK she runs into the jungle.

168

EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

168

WHAM! TWO BIG HANDS GRAB SARAH by her shoulders. She starts to scream but one of those hands shoots up to cover her mouth.

JOHN

It's alright. It's alright. Don't be afraid. We're friends.

SARAH looks into the strong, good face of JOHN, a tall, muscular man, a Caribbean Islander with shiny, dark black skin and enormous brown eyes that seem instantly trustworthy.

JOHN

There are soldiers near here. Guards. I'll take my hand away if you don't scream.

SARAH nods and JOHN lets her go. There are others standing behind the big man in the thicket. There's a young man, nicknamed MAPMAKER. He's clutching A LEATHER POUCH, A FEW ROLLED UP CHARTS AND SEVERAL PENCILS. There's a middle-aged man named BILL McDERMOTT, who is wearing the GREASE-COVERED JUMPSUIT of a mechanic. He's swilling generous shots of brandy from A HIP FLASK, his treasure. There's a smallish woman with a sensitive face who, apparently out of character, is ARMED TO THE TEETH. She's a deaf mute nicknamed SPIDER and she is urgently signing "Come on! Let's get outta here!" With her hands.

JOHN

Right. We better get away from that Bee. He might have friends.

THE GROUP starts moving. SARAH follows along voluntarily. Nobody is forcing her. Nobody seems suspicious, or even guarded around her. They accept her as a fellow fugitive.

We notice that all the strangers are wearing those pullover VESTS that we saw on the foot soldiers earlier, the ones with the big ORANGE CIRCLES on front and back.

169

EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

169

THE GROUP trudges through thick brushland, occasionally needing to CHOP A PATH with their BLADES. JOHN speaks in low tones as they move.

JOHN

Bees. That's what we call the dead... the walking dead... here on Gasparilla's Island.

SARAH

Gasparilla?

JOHN

He was a pirate who sailed these waters long ago. His name is being borrowed these days by the long lost Henry Dickerson.

SARAH

Governor Dickerson? Of Florida?

JOHN

That's the man. He's been holed up here ever since the shit hit the fan. Him and his family owned these islands 'round here. They was leasin' this one to the Fed. The whole underneath is dug out. There was missiles here and laboratories and bombproof housing. Nuclear power, all o' that. Now this is Dickerson's... Gasparilla's... private fortress. Him and a bunch of his cronies from all the best golf courses in Tallahassee... and his private army, of course.

SARAH

We ran up against a platoon of soldiers. There were actually walking dead in uniform... with guns.

JOHN

Captain Rhodes and his Red Coat Bees. They could sting, sister. We know you came up against 'em. We been watchin' you since you landed. Couldn't help you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN(cont'd)
I'm sorry for that. We ain't
supposed to be outside. If we was
spotted it could... well, it could
be the end of everything.

SARAH
But how can they...

JOHN
Shhhhhhhhhh!

SPIDER is signing for everyone to be quiet. They all stop in
their tracks. BILL McDERMOTT swigs some more brandy. SPIDER
moves ahead with the stealth of a Mohican. She looks around,
then motions for the others to follow. They do, as quietly
as possible. JOHN whispers an explanation as they move.

JOHN
There's another entrance to the
Cave here. That's what we call the
underground. The Cave. There's
nine hidden entrances we found so
far and we ain't got the whole
thing charted yet. That's what we
was doin' out her today, right,
Mapmaker?

The young man, MAPMAKER, lifts his rolled charts by way of a
nod. Suddenly there's a LOUD, ECHOING THUD AND THE SOUND OF
METAL ON METAL, like a hatch-handle on a submarine.
Everybody freezes.

170 EXT. ENTRANCE TWO (THEIR P.O.V.) - EVENING 170

Through thick green FOREGROUND LEAVES, MOVEMENT can be seen.
A HATCHWAY IS OPENING right out of the ground. THE COVER IS
CAMOUFLAGED with shrubbery just as the elevator cover was.
This is much smaller, about the size of a standard house
door, and it's being pushed up manually by A UNIFORMED
SOLDIER.

171 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING 171

JOHN AND SARAH peer through the foliage, watching the action.
SARAH is more mystified with each passing moment.

172 EXT. ENTRANCE TWO (THEIR P.O.V.) - EVENING 172

It's hard to see through the DEEPENING BLUE OF TWILIGHT, but
there seem to be FOUR OR FIVE SOLDIERS coming up out of THE
HATCH. From their leg movements we can tell there's a
stairway, not a ladder below.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

ONE OF THE MEN is equipped with AN ELECTRONIC PROD like the ones we saw earlier. THE OTHERS have their AUTOMATIC RIFLES ready at their hips.

Behind the men, lurching on unsteady feet, comes A HALF-DOZEN OF THE LIVING DEAD up out of the pit, all wearing VESTS of white and blue.

173 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING 173

SARAH is about to react when JOHN touches her with a strong hand indicating that she should be still.

174 EXT. ENTRANCE TWO (THEIR P.O.V.) - EVENING 174

THE CREATURES move out of THE HATCHWAY onto the jungle floor. They snarl and act aggressively toward THE SOLDIERS but they walk past them without attacking.

Behind them, climbing up out of the pit, are A WOMAN AND A MAN, both wearing WHITE LABORATORY COATS and carrying CLIPBOARDS. The woman is MARY HENRIED, one of the top behavioralists in The Cave. (We'll learn a lot more about her later.) The man is FISHER, a technician who works on Mary's team. They watch THE ZOMBIES move off into the jungle. They make notes and talk to each other but their words can't be heard from this distance.

THE ZOMBIES are pushing through the brush right in the direction of SARAH and HER NEW FRIENDS.

175 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING 175

SARAH shows some alarm at this. Again JOHN calms her with a strong hand but we can see that his muscles are tightening. He looks over toward SPIDER.

She and MAPMAKER have seen the approaching danger. She draws A FARMER'S SICKLE from her belt with her right hand. (She draws A PISTOL as well, for good measure.) MAPMAKER is unarmed.

So is BILL McDERMOTT, who nervously takes another swallow from his flask.

176 EXT. ENTRANCE TWO (THEIR P.O.V.) - EVENING 176

THE ZOMBIES are getting closer. Too close for comfort.

Finally, MARY HENRIED AND THE TECHNICIAN turn and disappear down the stairs. THE SOLDIERS follow. It seems to take forever for them to all enter the pit, but it's actually only about a minute or so.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE LAST MAN DOWN PULLS THE HATCH SHUT behind him. There's ANOTHER LOUD THUD AND MORE METAL ON METAL SOUNDS.

THE ZOMBIES are within a few yards of reaching the fugitives when the entranceway goes silent.

177

EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING

177

The moment the coast is clear, SPIDER AND JOHN jump up from cover. THE OTHERS follow their lead...

...but it's too late. THE ZOMBIES have spotted them. The creatures start to GROWL and make AGITATED, APELIKE SOUNDS. SPIDER brings her BLADES up chest high, ready to repel an attack. McDERMOTT AND MAPMAKER, weaponless, huddle behind her. SARAH lifts her own MACHETE but JOHN reaches over to take it from her.

JOHN

Give that to me. Get behind me.
Stay behind me.

(SARAH resists, not
understanding, somewhat
insulted.)

You ain't wearin' a vest. They
been taught not to touch the ones
with the circles. There ain't no
hundred percent, all-a-time rules
with the Bees, but most-a-time they
leave us alone. The ones with the
colored vests o' their own. It's
the ones without the colors that ya
gotta watch out for.

SARAH gets behind JOHN, his ORANGE CIRCLE acting as her shield. JOHN reaches back with one strong arm and pulls her in close against his back.

THE ZOMBIES, SNARLING AND SHOWING TEETH, move through the thicket, each going in its own direction. They're not moving as a pack. ONE BLUE COAT shuffles right past SPIDER AND COMPANY. It gets stuck in A THICK BRAMBLE. It tries to push through once, twice, three times, like a wind-up toy bumping against a wall. Finally it changes course. It stumbles in very close to the little deaf mute. She lifts her SICKLE to shoulder height. The motion catches THE ZOMBIE'S attention. It turns to face her, GROWLS threateningly, its TEETH DROOLING, then it walks on without attacking.

ANOTHER ZOMBIE, A WHITE-VEST, trudges within arm's reach of JOHN. It's GROWLING all the while, a low, steady, deep-in-the-throat rumble, but it's not looking at JOHN.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

It's looking straight ahead. It moves past. When it gets several yards away, its back to JOHN, the man whispers.

JOHN

The Red Coats is the best trained.
The Blues is next. The White is
just in kindergarten, so sometimes
you gotta watch ou...

THE WHITE COAT suddenly spins around. It GROWLS VICIOUSLY. It reaches its arms out, its hands like claws, and it takes two angry steps toward the humans.

JOHN holds THE MACHETE higher. His arm presses SARAH in closer to his back. She resists, somewhat annoyed, but the man's bear-grip holds her in place. THE ZOMBIE lunges forward a few more steps. It's waving its arms now, its lips are curled back like the lips of an angry Doberman. It's posturing, warning the intruders off.

SPIDER moves in closer to JOHN, her weapons ready to assist. JOHN slowly backs away from THE ADVANCING ZOMBIE, gently pushing SARAH along behind him.

THE ZOMBIE CHARGES! Things happen quickly. SPIDER grabs SARAH'S arm and pulls her back. BILL McDERMOTT catches her, keeping her from falling.

178 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING 178

THE ZOMBIE reaches JOHN. His MACHETE arcs through the air. THE BLADE SINKS INTO THE CREATURE'S SKULL. BLACKENED BLOOD FLIES. An instant later SPIDER'S SICKLE PUNCHES IN BESIDE THE MACHETE. THE ZOMBIE twitches for a moment, its eyes rolling, then it falls, lifeless, to the ground.

179 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING 179

McDERMOTT lets go of SARAH and takes a huge swallow from his FLASK, then he offers some to her. She takes the flask and puts it to her lips... but nothing comes. She holds the thing out, neck down, to show that it's empty.

McDERMOTT

Oh. Sorry. Guess I don't know me
own strength.

JOHN wipes SARAH'S MACHETE on some thick leaves, cleaning off most of the gore. Then he steps over to return the weapon to the woman.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

Thanks. I can fight my own battles.

JOHN

I know you can. Like I said, we been watchin' you.

MAPMAKER

We better get as far away from here as we can. We can work the other side of the island tonight.

JOHN

(explaining to SARAH)

Yeah. They find a Bee done like this and they'll know somebody's been out walkin' where they shouldn't-a-been.

Quickly, with graceful moves, JOHN goes to THE DOWNED ZOMBIE and CUTS OFF ITS VEST with A SHARP POCKET KNIFE.

JOHN

Maybe this way they think he's just a Civilian. That's what we call the wild Bees. The ones without colors.

JOHN stands erect over THE ZOMBIE'S CORPSE. He stuffs THE VEST into A LARGE POCKET with THE KNIFE, then he joins his hands in front of himself and bows his head. He mumbles something softly. We can't hear the words but we can tell that he's praying, reciting words over the body of THE DEAD WHITE COAT.

SARAH

The man I was with... until today... used to say that praying was for blind men who couldn't see the truth.

JOHN finishes his recitation and turns slowly to face SARAH. He smiles.

JOHN

How we gonna break the curse without a prayer or two?

SARAH

Curse?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

What is it if it ain't a curse?

SARAH

It's a disease. It's a... a bug...
a parasite that infects the brain.

JOHN

That sounds like a curse to me.

SARAH

We thought we were escaping here.
We thought we'd found an
uninhabited island. Christ! This
place is a worse nightmare than
anything I've seen yet!

JOHN

I'm sure that's true, Miss. And
that's why we're doin' what we're
doin'. What's happenin' here is
just what Lucifer planned. It's
the Devil's work. And we're gonna
put an end to it.

SARAH

Oh, what did I run into? A bunch
o' Jesus nuts? Religiosos? Prayer
won't stop a bullet from one of
those storm-troopers and prayer
won't keep one of those monsters
from eatin' your liver for lunch!

JOHN

That's why we didn't use prayers on
this here White Coat 'til after he
was destroyed. We're ready to
fight when we have to... and we
know we gonna have to.

SARAH

Look. I BEEN fightin', mister. I
been fightin' for what feels like a
hundred years, and I am finished.
I don't need religion. I don't
need prayers. I need a couple guns
and a couple hands. We can sail on
outta here. Find another island
where there ain't so much traffic.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

You think you can find your boat?
There's a thousand little inlets
and backwaters all through here.
You remember all the ways you
turned to get where you are now?
You leave yourself a trail?

SARAH is stopped by this. She stares at the big man
suspiciously, not sure whether to believe him.

JOHN

We didn't see the exact spot but we
know about where you landed. And
we got maps. But we ain't ready to
take you there. Not yet. You see,
we need guns, too.

SARAH looks around her at the unlikely band of guerillas.
She thinks for a moment... not very long... then she turns
and starts off into the jungle.

SARAH

I can find it myself. I didn't
come that far.

JOHN

Farther than you think. You'll get
lost. You will. And there's Bees
all through the jungle. I ain't
lyin' to ya. Religiosos don't lie.

SARAH

No. They just try to hold you for
ransom. Fuck you, Moses! I'm
outta here!

SARAH plunges into the brush and without so much as a look
back over her shoulder she disappears.

MCDERMOTT

We can't let her go, John.

JOHN

We don't need her guns that bad,
Billy boy.
(He's joking.)

MCDERMOTT

The hell we don't! But that's not
what I mean. She'll be dead in ten
minutes out there alone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MCDERMOTT (cont'd)

That or she'll be firin' off her
automatic and wakin' up the troops.

JOHN

Alright. We'll split up. Spider.
You go on with Mapmaker. Just an
hour or two tonight, that's all.
Captain Rhodes might have extra
guards on after all the commotion.
We'll meet up at Number Six and go
back home together. Billy boy,
come along with me.

MCDERMOTT

God save us. And me with me flask
dry. I'll never make it.

THE GROUP splits up, moving in two different directions
through the darkening underbrush.

180

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

180

DARKNESS has fallen. The jungle is as black as the
background on a velvet painting. SARAH is moving slowly,
starting off in directions, changing course, doubling back.
Now and again SOUNDS stop her in her tracks. She has KNIFE
AND GUN ready but those SNAPS, CRACKS, HISSES AND GROWLS SHE
HEARS are forming monsters in her mind, the kind of monsters
that might not be stopped by a knife or gun.

She comes to A PARTICULARLY DARK AREA. She bumps into
SOMETHING, jumps back, her MACHETE high, and freezes.
There's A NEW SOUND, like breathing, nearby. Cautiously,
SARAH moves ahead... one step... another... another...

SPLASH! She steps down off A TWO-FOOT HIGH LEDGE into A KNEE-
DEEP RIVER. She just manages to keep from pitching forward
and falling in. Her RIFLE BUTT hits the water but,
miraculously, the business-end stays dry. She loses her
MACHETE, though. It drops to the bottom, invisible in the
dark silt.

SARAH stands statue-still for a time, listening. Those
JUNGLE SOUNDS are everywhere but none seem dangerously close
now. There are wet sounds, drips, plops and gurgles, but
most of them are the rivulets running off SARAH herself, off
her shirt, off her BACKPACK. Slowly, she bends down and
reaches into the water. A SNAKE swims past, just inches
away, and SARAH recoils. Before she can reach down again,
she hears A LOUD, ANIMAL SNORT and, a second later, A GREAT
SPLASHING SOUND. THEN ANOTHER. She squints.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

On the dark black water she can see SHAPES that are darker, blacker. They are GLIDING ACROSS THE SURFACE, as the snake did, but they are not slithering. They are solid with purpose. They are ALLIGATORS, big ones, just their very tops showing, like submarines, as they move on a straight course toward SARAH.

She backs up, feeling for the shore, for the ledge behind her, THE FIRST ZOMBIE GRABS HER SHOULDERS. She spins and sees the thing. It has ONE EYE DANGLING OUT OF ITS SOCKET and there's A BROKEN-OFF LENGTH OF WOODEN POLE, the diameter of a broom handle, STUCK CLEAN THROUGH ITS TORSO JUST UNDER THE LEFT BREAST. It's straining to reach SARAH'S arm with its teeth.

SARAH smashes her RIFLE BUTT INTO THE THING'S HEAD. AGAIN. AGAIN. It keeps coming. (So do THE GATORS. They're getting to within a few yards.) SARAH SWINGS A FOURTH TIME. THE ZOMBIE GRABS HER RIFLE. She pulls with all her might. THE ZOMBIE, hanging on to the gun, TOPPLES off the ledge and INTO THE WATER.

When SARAH starts to climb up the ledge she sees TWO MORE OF THE WALKING DEAD, neither wearing a "civilized" colored vest. She turns around, looking for options. THE GATORS are just about close enough to bite her ass and THE ZOMBIE that fell into the river is rising up again, covered with MOSS AND SLIME, and looking pissed.

SARAH faces THE ZOMBIES ON THE BANK. She has no choice. She aims her AUTOMATIC. She's just about to fire when SOMETHING FLASHES out of the darkness.

181 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

181

It's A MACHETE. IT CLEAVES OPEN THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE ZOMBIES. From out of the night, big JOHN appears. He struggles TO FREE THE BLADE of his weapon FROM THE SKULL of the toppling creature.

SARAH is still trapped between THE RIVER CRITTERS and THE REMAINING ZOMBIE THAT'S UP ON THE LEDGE. BILL McDERMOTT hesitates out of the jungles. He slaps at THE LEDGE ZOMBIE from behind with his PACK. The thing turns away from SARAH and starts to shuffle toward BILL.

MCDERMOTT

Oh, God the Father, the Son and the
Holy Ghost! We need all o' ya!

SARAH scrambles up the muddy ledge. She comes up behind THE ZOMBIE and BATS IT WITH HER RIFLE BUTT as hard as she can.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

It falls to its knees but it's still alive. JOHN, having freed his MACHETE, jumps in and finishes the creature with A MIGHTY CHOP TO THE BACK OF ITS HEAD.

182 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE - NIGHT 182

THE GATORS are still moving in and THE ZOMBIE IN THE RIVER is trying to climb back up the muddy ledge, its moss-covered arms reaching out rigidly like the arms of Frankenstein's monster. It's growling ferociously (almost swallowing its own dangling eyeball in the process).

MCDERMOTT

Are you gonna pause ta say words
over the dead this time, John, or
can we be on our way?

Without answering, JOHN steams off through the bush pulling SARAH along behind him, his bag hand tight around her arm. BILL follows.

183 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT 183

GASPARILLA'S ISLAND is a forbidding place, dark, primordial. THE SOUNDS OF LIVE ANIMALS... AND DEAD HUMANS... mingle in THE NIGHT. It's a scene out of early-childhood nightmares, called up out of Sendak, Gorey, Giger. Though unreal, even silly, it repulses us. It frightens us as it did when we were seven.

SHOCK CUT TO:

184 INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT 184

CLOSE ON: A TELEVISION RECEIVER. For a time there is only VIDEO NOISE, accompanied by A LOUD HISS. Then AN IMAGE BLINKS ONTO THE SCREEN.

MONTAGE: In places throughout THE CAVE (places we don't recognize yet) we see a peculiar drama being played out. ZOMBIES, all wearing WHITE AND BLUE VESTS, are watching TELEVISION. They are gathered in GROUPS OF FOUR, SIX AND EIGHT, like children in ranked classes.

The IMAGES ON ALL THE VIDEO SCREENS ARE THE SAME. This is "Instructional Programming" comprised of simple, graphic visuals. We see dramatizations that show ZOMBIES turning away from HUMANS WHO WEAR ORANGE-CIRCLE VESTS. We see GUNS pointed at ORANGE CIRCLES. These guns are lowered harmlessly. Then we see GUNS pointed at HUMANS WHO ARE NOT WEARING ORANGE CIRCLES. These GUNS ARE FIRED!

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE ZOMBIES watch with dumb curiosity. Some seem to respond more than others, cocking their heads interestedly. The least attentive mill around, restless, not caring, but even they are exposed to the "message" which repeats and repeats and repeats...

185 INT. COMMUNICATION CENTER IN THE CAVE - NIGHT 185

This is the central headquarters handling all varieties of communications. There are RADIO CONSOLES, both INTERCOM AND OUTGOING, including A SPECIAL LONG-RANGE SYSTEM which is constantly trying to contact other outposts that might exist in the devastated world beyond Gasparilla's Island.

THE LARGE ROOM has a high-tech feel but, reflecting the panic to set up operations back when the disaster first struck, much of the EQUIPMENT IS PLACED HAPHAZARDLY, not "built-in." WIRES RUN EVERY-WHICH WAY, BARE ANTENNAS AND LOOSE CONNECTORS clutter the place. ENGINEERS scurry around with TOOL BOXES constantly repairing one unit or another.

There is A MAKESHIFT VIDEO CONSOLE which is apparently the broadcast center sending the signals the zombies are watching. ON THE MONITOR BANK we notice the same "INSTRUCTIONAL DRAMATIZATIONS" that we saw earlier, repeating over and over.

Most of the personnel are TECHNICIANS but there is A GROUP OF MORE SCIENTIFIC TYPES, obvious in their WHITE LAB COATS AND SMOCKS. Among these is MARY HENRIED, who we caught a glimpse of outside Entrance Two. MARY is basically a "good guy," saddened, of course, by the state of the world, but optimistic about the future. She hopes to find progress through science. She's extremely interested in the Zombie as a new specie.

186 INT. THE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - NIGHT 186

At A SECURITY STATION nearby, A GUARD notices something on one of his own VIDEO SCREENS which monitor key locations inside The Cave facility.

TECHNICIAN

There's activity in The Dormitory!

MARY and one of her assistants, JULIE GRANT, move closer to the SECURITY CONSOLE. ONE SCREEN there SHOWS what looks like a prison corridor. CELLS WITH HEAVILY BARRED DOORS run down both sides. We can see THE MOVEMENT OF SHADOWS. MARY reacts instantly, stepping over to AN INTERCOM and pressing A SEND-BUTTON.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S. - FILTER)
Gate twenty-three.

MARY
This is Mary Henried. Did anyone
enter The Dormitory?

VOICE (O.S. - FILTER)
Yes m'am. Captain Rhodes.

MARY clicks off. Infuriated, she hurries toward AN EXIT.
JULIE follows.

SHOCK CUT TO:

187

INT. THE DORMITORY IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

187

CLOSE ON: THE MOUTH OF A LARGE PLASTIC BAG. A HAND, wearing
THE BLACK RUBBER GLOVE of a "Feeder," PULLS A HUMAN HEAD OUT
OF THE BAG by its hair. It's THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE DEAD
SOLDIERS from Rhodes' platoon.

The hand belongs to RHODES himself. As he dangles THE HEAD
out in front of him he looks completely mad, like a grave
robber from a Val Lewton fright flick. We are looking at him
FROM INSIDE ONE OF THE DORMITORY CELLS, THROUGH THE BARS on
the door.

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CELL, A RED COAT ZOMBIE takes a
hesitant step forward, cocking its head. This zombie seems
brighter than the others we've seen, more alert, more...
alive. It's movements are less awkward than most.

RHODES tries to shove THE HEAD through the bars but it
STICKS. It's face, wedged, distorts into a grotesque lampoon
of a Greek Tragedy Mask. THE RED COAT takes a few more steps
forward. Its face comes into the light from the hall. It
has A LONG SCAR running from its left cheek down to its neck,
a distinguishing mark we will remember when we see it again.

When RHODES lets go of THE HEAD it stays where it is, the
bars pinching it, holding it at shoulder height. RHODES
points deliberately at the grisly thing, then he points at
THE RED COAT, indicating that THE HEAD is a gift. THE ZOMBIE
strides forward quickly and lays its hands on THE HEAD.

RHODES
That's it, friend. That's it.
Friend.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Keeping its hands on THE HEAD, THE RED COAT looks into RHODES' face as the man speaks. RHODES is pointing at himself now.

RHODES
Friend. Friend. Just remember who
gives you favors.

THE ZOMBIE looks down at the "favor." It pulls hard and THE HEAD pops through onto its own side of the bars. The creature lurches off toward A COT in the shadows at the rear of the cell. It hunkers down and begins to RAVISH THE DISEMBODIED HEAD, TEARING FLESH OFF, EATING IT HUNGRILY.

RHODES stares at the sight for a moment. His grin disappears, replaced by a kind of contempt. (On the cell door we notice A CHART, like a patient's chart in a hospital, and above that A PLAQUE which bears a number (5) and, written in marker, the Red Coat's nickname, "BLUTO.")

188 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 188

RHODES moves down the corridor and we see OTHER CELLS, each holding A NICKNAMED RED COAT. GRUMPY stands watch back in the shadows of his cell. TONTO stands with his hands on the bars of his door. He GROWLS as RHODES walks past. FATSO, whose figure suits his name, is swaying back and forth like a chubby five year old who needs to take a piss.

189 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 189

RHODES stops in front of A CELL with A PLAQUE that reads: "BUB!" Deep in the shadows we can see A SILHOUETTE, tall, erect, not moving a muscle. RHODES' grin reappears slowly.

RHODES
Well, Bub. I've heard about you.
Miss Henried's pride and joy.

RHODES steps in closer and BUB sinks deeper into the shadows, SNARLING.

RHODES
Surly sonofabitch. I want to make
friends, Bub. Friends. I have one
more goodie in my sack here.

A LOUD CLANGING SOUND interrupts. RHODES turns to see.

190 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 190

MARY HENRIED AND JULIE GRANT have entered through A STEEL DOOR WITH ELECTRONIC LOCKS. The door slams behind them with ANOTHER LOUD CLANG and THE ZOMBIES in the cells send up A CHORUS OF MOANS AND GROWLS, like animals in a zoo. RHODES' smile broadens as THE WOMEN start toward him, checking the cells as they walk. Suddenly they stop in their tracks. Their eyes are locked on a cell with A PLAQUE that reads: "SAMSON!"

191 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 191

At the back of the cell, SAMSON is gleefully NIBBLING ON THE HEAD OF THE GUERILLERO FROM THE MOTOR LAUNCH, MIGUEL'S FRIEND who was shot through the brain against orders. THE HEAD HAS BEEN RAVAGED but we can still recognize its face. SAMSON turns it up-side-down and reaches way inside, through the neck, pulling out gray matter.

192 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 192

JULIE backs away, fighting nausea. A spasm rises in MARY'S stomach as well and she reels away from the hideous sight.

RHODES

Come, come, Miss Science. You've seen worse.

MARY

God... damn you, Rhodes!

RHODES

God has damned us all. Are my atrocities worse than yours?

MARY

You have ruined weeks of work here!
We've been trying to wean these
specimens onto alligator meat!

RHODES

No wonder they're so... hungry.

Suddenly, JULIE SCREAMS, her hands flying to her mouth.

193 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

193

THE PLASTIC BAG is still dangling from RHODES' GLOVED HAND. Inside, pressed into the thin plastic at the bottom, we can see the rough outline of THE FINAL HEAD (the second storm-trooper shot by MIGUEL). THE THING IS SQUIRMING, CAUSING THE WHOLE BAG TO WIGGLE.

RHODES drops the bag instantly to the floor. Taking care, he grabs the bottom by a loose corner and pulls up hard. THE HEAD ROLLS OUT OF THE BAG'S NECK, TUMBLES OVER THE TILE FLOOR, AND SETTLES AGAINST AN OPPOSITE WALL. ITS EYES ARE OPEN, STARING UPWARD, DARTING CRAZILY. ITS TONGUE IS FLICKERING OVER ITS DROOLING LIPS WHILE ITS MOUTH IS CHEWING, GROTESQUELY, ON THE AIR.

MARY stares in shock. JULIE runs toward the exit, trying to scream but gagging on her own acids. She's hysterical.

RHODES calmly draws his PISTOL, cocks, and FIRES. THE SQUIRMING HEAD IS SHATTERED by the powerful bullet. THE SOUND OF THE BIG .45 ECHOES through The Dormitory as THE CAPTAIN holsters the gun, his LEATHERS SQUEAKING.

194 INT. MARY'S OFFICE IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

194

MARY guides JULIE GRANT into A CHAIR and hands her A SMALL PAPER COOLER-CUP FULL OF WATER. We're in A 9 BY 12 CUBICLE with A FEW PIECES OF EQUIPMENT, A COMPUTER TERMINAL. A DESK AND THREE CHAIRS. The only thing decorating the walls is A LONG LIGHTBOX on which are clipped GROUPS OF CRANIAL X-RAYS. The light from that lightbox offers the only illumination. RHODES stands cockily in THE OPEN DOORWAY.

JULIE

I didn't realize! Those were de-caps! I didn't know that... de-caps... revived!

RHODES

Any dead whose brains are intact will revive.

JULIE

But... we bury the heads. Oh, God! It must be... torture for them!

RHODES

They are brutes without feeling. Though I admit that I've requested cremation for myself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES (cont'd)

Burial is an archaic tradition,
even more ridiculous now than it
ever was. To say nothing of the...
space problem... on a small island
like this.

JULIE

I thought the purpose of
decapitation was to... to...

RHODES

The purpose of decapitation is to
preserve as much... food... as
possible. The purpose for feeding
is to keep the beasts on our side.
The fact that they can be taught to
clean up our garbage or to fire a
gun is a convenient side benefit,
not the primary goal. The primary
goal is to keep ourselves from
becoming their supper. Keep them
fed and they behave. Keep them
hungry and they revert back to
being the animals that they have
always been. You saw them in
there.

MARY

You gave them a fresh taste of
blood!

RHODES

They will never be satisfied with
alligator meat, Miss Henried. They
want human flesh. I'm prepared to
take whatever steps are necessary
to see to it they don't get mine!
Not while I'm still using it!

JULIE has recovered slightly. She looks up and the movement
attracts MARY'S eye.

JULIE

Did you know? About the de-caps?

MARY

I'd never seen it before.

JULIE

But you knew.

MARY nods in the affirmative. Tears form in JULIE'S eyes.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JULIE

What else is there, doctor? What
else do you people know that the
rest of us don't?

They stare at one another. Whatever bond once existed
between them has been severed forever.

195

INT. A CONDITIONING ROOM IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

195

The place is cluttered with COMPUTER APPARATUSES. There are
CARDIOGRAPHS, E.E.G. MONITORS, AND ALL SORTS OF PHYSICAL
CONDITIONING DEVICES. On TABLES here and there lie SYMBOLOGY
CARDS AND COLORED BLOCKS for dexterity testing. There are
large CUT-OUT SHAPES ON THE WALLS, TRIANGLES, SQUARES, and
familiar ORANGE CIRCLES. There are VIDEO CAMERAS AND
PORTABLE RECORDERS and, off in one corner, there is A LOCKED
CABINET FILLED WITH RIFLES AND ELECTRIC PRODS.

A DOOR WHAMS! against an inner wall as MARY HENRIED flings it
open. Storming into the room she slams the door shut behind
her but RHODES catches it with his BLACK LEATHER GESTAPO
BOOT.

RHODES

You can't run away from the planet,
Miss Science. You can't even run
away from the island, heh heh.

MARY

Leave me alone, you...
COCKSUCKER!!!

RHODES laughs louder at this. MARY faces him squarely,
hatred boiling away her vocabulary. She can't think of words
that are adequate.

MARY

You're... you're disgusting!
You're... FILTH!

RHODES

And you're the one who builds the
bomb and then says, "I hope it'll
never actually be used."

MARY is stopped... by her own guilt, which has been gnawing
at the back of her conscience lately. She turns and busies
herself, gathering PAPERS AND BOOKS. She clicks OFF A LIGHT
and moves toward the doorway where RHODES is standing.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY

(calmer, with method)

Julie Grant is a behaviorist.
 She's not medical. She hasn't been
 as... exposed to... to things... as
 some of the rest of us. She'll be
 alright. I'll talk to her. She'll
 be alright.

RHODES

Oh, I have no doubt.

MARY

(recognizing threat in his voice)

If you put her on the shit list
 because of her reaction here
 tonight, I'll go to Dickerson.

RHODES

Ah, yes, our noble Gasparilla does
 seem to favor you lately. I
 understand he assigned you a
 roommate of your choice. The rest
 of us have to pick names out of a
 hat.

MARY

(reading his jealousy)

Rhodes, you and I had a roll in the
 hay together when I first got here.
 It was a wholly unsatisfying
 experience which I do not want to,
 and which I never will repeat! So
 give up, mister! I'm going home...
 to that roommate you mentioned.

This last is spoken right into RHODES' face as MARY pushes
 past him. She shoves A KEY into the lock and waits for
 RHODES to exit before pulling the door shut. He does so,
 slowly, brushing against her.

196

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CONDITIONING ROOM - NIGHT 196

MARY is turning THE KEY in the lock, her BOOKS AND PAPERS
 tucked under her arms, when RHODES grabs her shoulders from
 behind. He leans in close, lusting, pressing his lips
 against the back of her neck. She pulls away violently but
 he keeps his grip on her.

MARY

Take your hands off me! Right now!

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

An evil grin returns to RHODES' flushed face. He stares at the woman for a long moment, then he lets go. MARY spins and walks away, bristling. He watches her back for a time, then he calls after her.

RHODES

Maybe you'll change your mind when
it starts getting too lonely for
you.

MARY stops dead. She turns back to see him gloating.

RHODES

I'm not entirely without influence
myself, Miss Science. I had your
roommate assigned... by
Gasparilla... to my platoon.
What's his name? Tyler? Yes.
Toby Tyler.

MARY'S whole body turns back now and she faces him full. A bubble of fear is pushing up in her throat but she is only letting her anger show. Her stare is fierce, her eyes daggers.

RHODES

I had an unfortunate little run-in
with him today. In fact... you
might say that Mr. Tyler is in big
trouble with the authorities.

MARY

You better not mess with me,
Rhodes. I'd love to serve your
balls to those Red Coats in there
for lunch! Think about it!

RHODES

No, Miss Science. You think about
it.

He turns and walks away. MARY stands still for a time, THE SOUND OF RHODES' CLICKING BOOT HEELS surrounding her, swallowing her. Anger and fear rise and fall, rise and fall inside her, two sides of a seesaw in her consciousness. Finally she spins on her heels and hurries off down the long, empty corridor. In the DEEP BACKGROUND we can HEAR THE DISTANT MOANS OF THE CAGED DEAD.

197 INT. THE CENTRAL CHAMBERS OF THE CAVE - NIGHT 197

MONTAGE: as MARY walks through HUGE OPEN AREAS CARVED OUT OF NATURAL ROCK. The ceiling is fifteen feet high, supported by giant ten-foot-diameter columns of undisturbed stone. We are stunned at the enormity of the place. It seems to go on forever. It runs under the entire island. It's the size of most cities. JEEPS AND TRUCKS RUMBLE back and forth. Storage areas hold MOUNTAINS OF PILED CRATES, CARTONS AND WATER AND GAS CANISTERS. We see ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND SPARE PARTS, MEDICAL SUPPLIES AND FOOD. FORK LIFTS shift loads from here to there. The place is buzzing with activity. ALL PERSONNEL ARE UNIFORMED, most wearing VESTS WITH ORANGE CIRCLES.

198 INT. THE CENTRAL CHAMBERS NEAR THE RESIDENCES - NIGHT 198

MARY comes to a place where the natural rock surrenders to man-made walls. She enters, past TWO SECURITY GUARDS, into what looks like a mall built into the underground rock.

199 INT. THE RESIDENCES - NIGHT 199

Once inside, there is no evidence of the place being underground. The construction is like that found in any modern office building or condominium, except that there are no windows, of course.

MARY moves down a corridor resembling the ones near the conditioning rooms. On both sides there are NUMBERED DOORS ("slabs" might more accurately describe them, the place has the feel of a mausoleum).

We can HEAR THE SOUNDS OF LIFE, MUSIC BLASTING, VOICES LAUGHING, ARGUING, CRYING. Occasionally, PEOPLE drift in and out of doors. They don't greet MARY. They don't even seem to notice her. ONE GROUP is partying, ANOTHER COUPLE is shouting. The woman slaps the man. He punches her in return and she flies back against a wall. She recovers, kicking the man in the balls. Further on there are THREE WOMEN WHO LOOK LIKE HOOKERS pounding on a door. The door is opened by A NAKED MAN wearing A DILDO on his nose. OTHER MEN behind this obscene Pinocchio laugh wildly as the hookers enter their smoke-filled room.

MARY is unaffected by her surroundings. She moves on with purpose until suddenly she turns a corner and something stops her.

200 INT. OUTSIDE MARY'S QUARTERS (HER P.O.V.) - NIGHT 200

Outside A DOOR NUMBERED 83 (The door to MARY'S quarters, as we'll learn shortly) stand TWO OF RHODES' SOLDIERS with AUTOMATIC RIFLES in hand. The door itself is wide open. SHADOWS move inside.

201 INT. THE RESIDENCES (SAME AS 199) - NIGHT 201

MARY turns quickly, before she is spotted, and she starts back through the hallway. As she turns the corner she is grabbed by TOBY TYLER.

MARY

Toby... thank God... wait here.
You gotta wait here. I'll try to
find out what's going on.

TOBY

Mary. Slow down. What is it?

MARY

There are soldiers at the door.

TOBY'S face flushes with anger. He realizes that the soldiers are there to arrest him. He knows this is RHODES' dirty work.

TOBY

That little shit! I didn't think
he'd make his move this fast.

A FEW DRUNKS stagger past and TOBY goes quiet. He leans back against a wall, pulling MARY next to him. (Throughout the scene, PEOPLE drift by, interrupting, even bumping into them physically.)

TOBY

I gotta let them take me. No
choice. We can't get outta here
tonight. We'd never make it. We
need more time to plan.

MARY'S not even listening to what TOBY is saying. She is sinking into her own morose guilt. Some of her strength is disintegrating. We can see it in her slumping body.

MARY

It's because of me.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Oh, bullshit, Mary. It's because Rhodes is a prick.

MARY

I want you to leave. Then maybe...

TOBY

We're both gonna leave. Leave the island. I been talkin' to Tricks. We think we can smuggle out one of those inflatable rafts. They're crated up real small. They've got air canisters, food inside. Even a little motor.

MARY

I am not a... guerilla fighter, Toby. I'm not a pioneer. I'm not... I'm not strong that way. I need...

TOBY

Need what? Civilized order like we have down here? Christ. You gotta be strong down here just to keep yourself from vomiting your heart out... your soul...

MARY

I can work here. Maybe my work can help... help everyone. I can do more good with access to this equipment than I can in the middle of some wasteland.

TOBY

For the good of mankind. That's what every monster-maker says.

MARY looks into TOBY'S eyes. She is hurt, yet at the same time angry. It's the kind of anger that comes when somebody strikes an already sensitive guilt-nerve.

TOBY

We're gettin' out. Me and Tricks. I want you to come with us. I want that more than anything. I'll send word. I'll let you know a time and a place to meet. I probably won't be able to wait around so if you're not there on the dot... well...

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY (cont'd)
 if you're not there, I'll know
 you're not comin'.

She grabs him, holding him tightly against her. They kiss, hard and long, then TOBY pushes her out to arm's length. He looks at her lovingly, strokes his hand through her hair once, then he turns and starts toward the guarded apartment. MARY follows.

TOBY
 (walking)
 I don't know what they're gonna do
 to me. I figure they'll just send
 me out to Stalag Seventeen 'til
 they can dream up something better,
 but if...
 (he stops, looking into
 her eyes)
 ...if it's worse than that...
 Tricks will know. Stay in touch
 with Tricks.

MARY is flustered, feeling hopeless, oddly disloyal. TOBY turns again and chugs boldly around the corner. MARY has to trot to catch up.

202 INT. OUTSIDE MARY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

202

THE COUPLE walks up to NUMBER 83. THE SOLDIERS outside the open doorway shuffle their feet nervously, their weapons in hand but not threatening. MARY decides to take an outwardly aggressive approach.

MARY
 What the hell is this?

THE SOLDIERS don't respond. They shuffle some more. One of them glances into the open apartment. MARY shifts over to look inside.

203 INT. MARY'S QUARTERS (HER P.O.V.) - NIGHT

203

A SOLDIER has made himself at home. Sitting at MARY'S makeshift DESK, he's shuffling through her PAPERS and helping himself to CRACKERS out of a RATIONS CARTON. ANOTHER TROOPER is just flushing THE TOILET at the rear of the small space having just taken a piss. He turns, zipping his fly, and we recognize him as CARTER, RHODES' goon who we saw during the feeding operation.

MARY (O.S.)
 What the hell is this?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

CARTER

Tyler's under arrest. I'll take
your weapons, Tyler.

MARY has entered the cubicle-room. TOBY stands in the open doorway, the TWO CORRIDOR GUARDS at his back, while CARTER strolls over in front of him holding out his hands. TOBY hands over his RIFLE and begins to unbuckle his PISTOL BELT.

MARY

Is this on Captain Rhodes' order?

CARTER

Dunno, m'am. We's just told to
bring him in.

MARY

What's he supposed to have done?
You can't just arrest somebody
without telling him what the
charges are against him. I'm
coming with you.

CARTER

Can't let you do that, m'am.

MARY

(groping for her I.D.)
Look... I'm Mary Henried. I'm with
the special conditioning center.
I'm not without influence...

TOBY

(calmly)
Mary.

MARY

I'll have somebody's ass for this.
I'll have your ass, soldier. I'm
not gonna stand here and...

TOBY

Mary.

She gives up. She looks from TOBY to CARTER and back.

TOBY

I'll be alright. Just remember
what I said. Take care of
yourself.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY voluntarily turns away from the door and CARTER AND COMPANY escort him away without force.

MARY stands in the open door for a moment, then she slams it shut. ROCK AND ROLL can be heard bleeding in from somewhere along with distant LAUGHTER. MARY flops into the CHAIR by the makeshift DESK. She stares at her WORK FILES for a time, then she shoves the PAPERS off the desktop and lets her head drop into her arms. She begins to cry.

204 EXT. ENTRANCE NUMBER SIX - NIGHT 204

ENTRANCE NUMBER SIX is another SMALL HATCHWAY. It opens into A NARROW ALLEYWAY FORMED BY RUNNING, CHAIN-LINE FENCES. The fences protect the hatchway from the surrounding jungle. The protected alleyway runs off through the brush toward... we don't know what yet.

KERRANG!!! THE HATCH opens and TOBY, along with TWO OTHER PRISONERS, also disarmed troopers, is led down that mysterious alleyway by CARTER AND HIS THREE GUARDS. They disappear through the brush.

205 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE SIX - NIGHT 205

JOHN, SARAH, AND BILL McDERMOTT are peering out from behind large banana palms. They are watching the procession of prisoners and guards. They speak in low tones.

JOHN

The fences make a safe pathway to Stalag Seventeen. That's where we live. That's where you gonna live, too. Hell's half acre. It's not a nice place. Them boys there is prisoners. What's their punishment? They sent out to our place for a few weeks. That's punishment enough.

There's A RUSTLING in the brush behind them. They lift their weapons and freeze. They can see someone... something.. approaching through the darkness.

It's SPIDER, and behind her comes MAPMAKER. THE GROUP links up silently and JOHN leads them off in a direction parallel with THE RUNNING FENCES.

206 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT 206

THE RUNNING FENCE LEADS TO A GATE IN A BIGGER FENCE. This one is DOUBLE, with four or five feet between the two runs.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE OUTER RUN IS BARBED ON TOP, AND IT'S ELECTRIFIED. We know this because we see A COLLECTION OF ZOMBIES, mostly "civilians," clambering there, their HANDS AND FACES SPARKING WHEN THEY TOUCH THE CHAIN LINKS. THE SPARKS SEND BLUE-WHITE FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR. It's a bizarre sight that does resemble a scene from a concentration camp movie, except that in this case the tortured are outside the fence rather than in. There's A SIGN ABOVE THE MAIN GATE that was officially painted to read: THE GARDEN. Those words have been crossed out, though they're still readable, and over them, painted without skill in dripping black letters, the new name for the place: STALAG SEVENTEEN.

THE ZOMBIES send up wild MOANS AND GURGLES when THE PRISONERS are escorted through the gate. CARTER'S MEN are quite nervous about the hungry creatures, despite the protecting face. CARTER himself, perhaps too stupid to fear, is grinning, enjoying his evening's duty.

CARTER

I hope you assholes have a nice time out here. Try not to get the clap. And just remember there's no way out. If the fence don't kill ya, those fuckers will for sure.
(he nods toward the zombies)

THE DOUBLE FENCE runs around a large encampment made up of open-sided huts, some small, some quite long like the barracks huts in THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI. A few low-wattage lights can be seen, and in their dim pools we detect MOVEMENT. There's A DIN coming off the place, a mixture of MUSIC AND VOICES that lays together with the NATURAL SOUNDS OF THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE and THE GROANING OF THE LIVING DEAD to form A DISTURBING BLANKET OF NOISE. The place seems to seethe, like a hornets nest discovered in the shadows on a dark night.

CARTER AND HIS MEN LEAVE down the fenced alley. TWO PERMANENT GUARDS remain, closing the gate. TOBY AND THE OTHER TWO PRISONERS slowly move into the encampment, heading toward the huts which are laid out in an attempt at pattern, with muddy streets between them.

As THE PRISONERS move closer to the "village," we can see details.

There are PEOPLE WALLOWING in those muddy streets. ONE MAN has just taken a shit and is wiping his ass. Nearby A DRUNK LIES unconscious. At another spot SEVERAL MEN ARE FIGHTING. It's a brutal fight with clubs and pipes and lengths of chain. The men are really hurting each other.

207

EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

207

TOBY AND THE PRISONERS move cautiously through the mud. Activity thickens as they walk onto MAIN STREET. There are PEOPLE SMOKING, AND SNORTING AND SHOOTING UP, either right out in the street or just inside the open-walled huts. A HUGE PREGNANT WOMAN plants herself right in TOBY'S path.

WOMAN

How 'bout it, baby. I'm big but
I'm beautiful.

TOBY pushes past her and he bumps into A SURLY DRUNK walking along with THREE OF HIS BUDDIES.

DRUNK

HEY, YOU FUCK! YOU FUCK!

He grabs TOBY and flings him violently against an upright on one of the long huts. THE OTHER TWO PRISONERS move on, abandoning TOBY, disappearing into the crowd. THE DRUNK presses in, HIS BUDDIES right behind him. THE DRUNK pulls A HOMEMADE KNIFE.

DRUNK

I OUGHTA SLICE YOU UP, YOU FUCK!
YOU CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND LIKE THAT.
YOU CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND... LIKE...

Suddenly, VOMIT rises in the man's throat and he doubles over. HIS BUDDIES leave him there. They move on hooting and hollering like jungle birds.

TOBY is aware of SOUNDS behind him. He turns. Not six feet away, in the open-walled hut, A HAIRY FAT MAN, still wearing his BOXER SHORTS and still wearing HIS MUDDY BOOTS, is wham-bam-bamming A WHORE, who is wearing everything but underwear and boots. There are NEEDLE TRACKS on both the woman's arms. ONE OF HER EYES IS PUFFED to the size of an orange and DRAINING PUS. The other is heavily made up, with a glued-on eyelash hanging askew. She has OTHER BRUISES on her face and shoulders and her bright red lipstick doesn't cover the fact that HER LOWER LIP HAS BEEN SLICED OPEN. Her body lurches with each of the fat man's pushes yet all the while she is looking, with her one good eye, right at TOBY. She purses her deep red, damaged lips and blows him a kiss that is meant to be seductive.

TOBY moves on down the street. The place is a cesspool full of human dregs, openly amoral, violent, stinking with refuse, filled with the fury and desperation of man in his last days.

208 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT 208

JOHN leads HIS FOLLOWERS to within sight of the camp entrance.

209 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 209

THE ZOMBIES claw at THE ELECTRIFIED FENCES trying to reach the human feast within the compound. BLUE-WHITE FLASHES fill the air, like flash bulbs. The crazy image comes to mind of paparazzi shooting the crowd trying to push its way into Regine's.

210 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT 210

JOHN

This is home, darlin'. Home for us that don't make the grade. Us that ain't... good enough to live inside The Cave. We grow a little food... do a little light manufacturin'... like these here vests, we make these for the massers. We live in our own filth, with bugs and snakes and disease and jungle fever... all the time waitin' to become breakfast for the Bees.

JOHN is doing a sales-job on SARAH but everything he says is truth. She hears it all, softening to JOHN'S cause, the cause of the rebels.

JOHN

Let's get inside.

JOHN leads THE OTHERS to A PARTICULAR SPOT in the jungle. He taps around on the ground until he hits something that doesn't sound like earth. It SOUNDS WOODEN, HOLLOW. He roots around in the grass and finds A ROPE HANDLE. He pulls up and A WOODEN ROUND, like a barrel-top, COMES OUT OF THE GROUND, its GRASS CAMOUFLAGE permanently glued on like the camouflage on the elevator we saw earlier.

JOHN

It's a tunnel. It's a couple hundred yards. You'll be feeling like shit down there, and gettin' tired, too. You gotta keep goin'. just keep goin' 'til you reach the end. I'll be right behind you.

210A EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT 210A

SARAH crawls down into the hole in the ground. JOHN follows, passing the camouflaged lid to SPIDER. She holds the thing, all the while looking around her, alert for any threat, while BILL McDERMOTT, cursing under his breath, AND MAPMAKER enter the tunnel. SPIDER goes in last, pulling the lid down behind her. It settles in place, the camouflage perfect.

211 INT. THE HOSPITAL IN STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT 211

This, too, looks as though it belongs in the River Kwai prisoner camp. It's open-walled, its uprights are dead trees and its roof is thatched with palm fronds. INSECTS BUZZ AND CRAWL everywhere. There is THUNDER IN THE AIR.

There are ROWS OF HOMEMADE WOOD AND CANVAS COTS, EACH WITH A BODY lying on top. The cots are shoved close together and still there's not enough room. SOME OF THE SICK lie on the ground. Most of the bodies appear as lumps of old garbage and rag in the darkness. If not for the MOANING, similar to that of the zombies at the fence, we would think the patients dead. They're that still. What FACES we see are gaunt, showing the boils and lesions of consumptive diseases. Skeletal and pale, these are hopeless cases whose next stop is the grave... if they're lucky.

An Oriental orderly, LUKEY, is moving through the maze of bodies. He lifts the wrist of A WOMAN WHO LOOKS DEAD and he finds out that she is dead indeed. He drops the wrist and hurries off toward the rear of the long hut.

212 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 212

In the rear there is A ROOM WITH WALLS, an operating room of sorts, with JURY-RIGGED APPOINTMENTS. On A TABLE in the center of the room, under A HALF-DOZEN LIGHT BULBS all hanging bare from the thatched ceiling, lies A CORPSE. ANOTHER ORDERLY, a Nordic type named DIESEL, an enormous man, assists while DOCTOR LOGAN methodically SAWS OFF THE CORPSE'S HEAD.

213 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT 213

LUKEY rushes in, out of breath.

LUKEY

Doc Logan! Doc Logan! Dere's a
lady dead out dere! I touch her!
I touch her an' I know she dead!
Gotta hurry! Gotta hurry!
(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LUKEY(cont'd)
Dunno how long she been dat way!
Maybe she gettin ready to come
back!

214 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

214

THE DOCTOR'S SAW CUTS THROUGH TO THE TABLETOP AND THE CORPSE'S HEAD ROLLS AWAY FROM ITS BODY. DIESEL stops the thing from rolling too far. DOC LOGAN picks up a Black & Decker DRILL WITH A LONG BIT set in its chuck. WHZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! The drill spins. LOGAN DRIVES THE BIT THROUGH THE TOP OF THE DISEMBODIED HEAD, DEEP INTO ITS BRAIN. When he pulls it out, MATTER FLIES as the motor winds down.

LOGAN is a middle-aged man. He looks exhausted, demoralized. Actually, he looks a bit mad. And he looks as ill as some of his patients. His eyes are sunken and dark. He has a collection of OPEN SORES on his face. He hasn't shaven for days and he's covered with two weeks worth of BLOOD STAINS. In response to LUKEY, he starts around the table, leaving DIESEL to dispose of the "DE-CAP."

LOGAN
Bury the head. Call the guards for
the rest. Get it off the table for
now. We'll bring this new one in.

DIESEL doesn't respond right away. He's heard something.

LOGAN
What is it?

DIESEL
The tunnel.

LOGAN HEARS it now, A SCRATCHING, SCUFFLING SOUND. He looks at HIS WATCH, surprised at what he sees on the face.

LOGAN
God. It's almost sunup.

215 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

215

LOGAN moves to A SPOT AT THE BACK OF THE ROOM. LUKEY follows and the two remove SEVERAL OF THE PLANKS that make up the raised floor. A woman's head pops out, gasping for air, coughing and breathing hard. It's SARAH. LOGAN recoils, his eyes wide. He looks like the Mad Hatter without his hat.

LOGAN
Who are you? Who are you?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

He stands up too quickly. Dizziness makes him reel. He smashes into his INSTRUMENT CART, his hands groping among the tools there. He comes up with A SCALPEL WITH A LONG BLADE and he holds it threateningly aimed at the stranger. JOHN'S VOICE calls from behind SARAH in the tunnel.

JOHN

It's okay. It's okay, Doc. She's with us. She's gonna help us.

In the next moment, SARAH is out of the hole and JOHN'S strong arms are pulling his body out behind her.

JOHN

This here's the hospital. That's Diesel over there, the big guy. This here's Lukey. And that's Doc Logan who's about to cut out your tonsils. The lady's name is Sarah. She's the only one left from that boat we seen.

By now, BILL McDERMOTT AND MAPMAKER have climbed into the room. SPIDER brings up the rear. She jumps spryly out of the tunnel and moves around to all the others collecting their WEAPONS. SPIDER has been wearing A SHOTGUN on her back and A HOLSTERED PISTOL. JOHN has the only other gun, A .38 SPECIAL, tucked into his belt. The rest of the weapons are BLADES, knives, machetes, SPIDER'S sickle.

JOHN

This here's all the weapons we got. And we ain't got much ammo, neither. That's why your fancy automatic looks so good to us. We gotta stick it over here with these others for now. They catch us with any kind o' weapons and it's death without even askin' your name. Sometimes right there in the street where they find ya.

SPIDER steps up in front of SARAH, her hand out to collect THE AUTOMATIC. Slowly, reluctantly, SARAH un-slugs the strap from her shoulder.

JOHN

This is the only safe place to hide 'em. It'll be okay.

SARAH lets SPIDER take the GUN. The deaf mute signs something which SARAH can't decipher.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Ammunition. You got ammunition in your pack there? I hope you do or the gun ain't worth much.

SARAH starts to root through HER SUPPLY PACK. There are THREE LOADED CLIPS AND SEVERAL BOXES OF LOOSE SHELLS. In her effort to pull these out, SARAH reveals SMALL TINS OF FOOD, SOME MEDICINES, A SWISS KNIFE, A COMPASS...

JOHN

Maybe we better just hide the whole pack, darlin'. That stuff is just shoutin' out that it come from the mainland. The shit we get is all C.D. rations. Crackers and aspirins from nineteen fifty-eight.

SPIDER snatches THE PACK away rather roughly. SARAH is a little taken aback by the action.

THE MATERIAL is stashed under THE FLOOR BOARDS right beside the tunnel entrance. MAPMAKER stashes his charts with the rest of the stuff and he helps replace the boards.

JOHN

Let's go. You look like you could use some shuteye. Me too.

LUKEY escorts JOHN AND SARAH out of the operating room into the main hospital area where the patients are lying. BILL McDERMOTT pulls out his empty FLASK.

MCDERMOTT

Doc. I need a fill up. I'll help m'self if it's alright with you.

LOGAN tosses BILL a head nod and BILL moves off to A SUPPLY CABINET which contains, among other essentials, SEVERAL BOTTLES OF BRANDY. BILL pours from one of those bottle directly into his flask.

SPIDER AND MAPMAKER move closely past LOGAN on their way to the exit. LOGAN speaks to the younger man.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we know?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MAPMAKER

She's alright. Christ, Rhodes and his Cossacks wiped out her whole party. Damn near got her.

MAPMAKER moves on. SPIDER stays at LOGAN'S side. BILL McDERMOTT, his flask full, takes a long slug from the cabinet bottle before putting it back on the shelf. Then he, too, moves past LOGAN.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we know?

LOGAN repeats his question, intoned identically, to McDERMOTT. BILL stops for a moment, having detected a strangeness in the doctor's voice. THE THUNDER suddenly seems LOUDER.

McDERMOTT

Are you alright, Doc? Ya look...
(an up-close look at
LOGAN'S face alarms BILL
in mid sentence)
Jesus. Ya look... ya look real
bad, Doc. Ya look...

LOGAN

I have looked bad for four years.
Everyone in the world has looked
bad for four years, McDermott.
Thank God looks don't matter as
much as they once did.

BILL moves off to catch the others. LOGAN, a wild look in his eye, follows, that LONG-BLADED SCALPEL still clutched in his hand.

DIESEL has cleared off the operating table. He moves around to join SPIDER and they both walk behind LOGAN into the big cot room.

216

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

216

At the far end of the room, JOHN, SARAH AND LUKEY are facing out across the compound. A TEEMING TROPICAL RAIN has started to fall.

JOHN

This just ain't your day, is it,
darlin' Sarah?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH can't help but snicker slightly. The lightness of the moment brings lightness to her head. She has to grab onto one of the uprights to keep her balance. Exhaustion, built up over the last two nightmarish days, is conquering her body at last. JOHN puts a big arm around her.

JOHN

Three more minutes. Then you can sleep. You got to stay with it for three more minutes.

MAPMAKER trots up and, behind him, McDERMOTT. THE GROUP moves out INTO THE RAIN. LUKEY waddles back through the maze of cots.

217 INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

217

LOGAN, SPIDER AND DIESEL have moved to about the center of the big room. They stand there a moment among the corroding PATIENTS who lie about, their eyes bulging, looking like lemurs.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we know?

The same intonation again. This guy's wrapping is definitely coming loose. LUKEY trots up with an optimistic smile on his face.

LUKEY

She okay, Doc Logan. I know. You can listen to me. She okay.

LOGAN

What? Did you say something? What did you say?

THE ZOMBIE rises up behind LOGAN'S back. It's the woman whose wrist LUKEY checked earlier. It's TEETH ARE DROOLING and its hands are reaching out wantingly.

218 INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

218

LOGAN turns around. THE ZOMBIE is within arm's length. Calmly, but with the swiftness of a rattlesnake, the doctor shoots out his hand, the hand that's holding THE SCALPEL. THE BLADE SINKS DEEPLY INTO THE ZOMBIE'S FOREHEAD. LOGAN pulls it out and strikes again, and again, and again, like a swordsman thrusting, thrusting, thrusting. His face has a wild man's look of domination, of conquest. Finally THE CREATURE collapses.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN wipes THE SCALPEL on his already BLOOD-COVERED APRON. DIESEL lifts THE DESTROYED CREATURE with one hand by the back of its clothing and carries the thing, like a bellhop carrying a suitcase, back toward the operating room. LUKEY hurries after him.

SPIDER AND LOGAN look at each other for a moment. His scalpel hand is trembling. She touches the hand with her own and the trembling stops. She takes the scalpel gently and she leads the doctor away.

WHITE FACES stare from all around. RAINWATER drops onto them from holes in the thatching above. They don't seem to notice.

219 EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET (RAIN) - NIGHT 219

JOHN, MAPMAKER AND McDERMOTT lead SARAH through the street, trying not to make it obvious that they're giving her a tour. John speaks softly, and only when OTHERS on the street are far enough away.

THE STREET SCENE is what it was before, perhaps toned down a little due to the late hour, but just as vile, just as vicious, just as depraved.

JOHN

They supply us with disinfectant and dope. Sex, drugs and rock-and-roll. What more could anyone ask for? Most around here ain't interested in changin' their lives. The folks you met... me and them and four or five others is the whole rebel army. Nobody else gives a shit. And they're afraid of Rhodes... look out.

220 EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET ("TAVERN" - RAIN) - NIGHT 220

They pass A STRUCTURE WITH AN OVERHEAD SIGN that reads: JOE'S CORNER TAVERN. It's an open-walled hut, like all the others. If there were walls they'd be pushed out by the MASS OF HUMANITY INSIDE. LOUD MUSIC BLARES AND VOICES FORM A WALL OF NOISE LOUDER THAN THE LOUD TROPICAL RAIN AND THUNDER. A FIGHT spills out into the muddy street. PUSHERS selling ALL SORTS OF DELIGHTS accost JOHN AND HIS GROUP.

THE TWO SOLDIERS who were brought in as prisoners with TOBY TYLER are seen, tall drinks in hand. They've joined up with FOUR OTHER SOLDIERS FROM THE CAVE.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

They're all staggering drunk. They're negotiating with A HOOKER on the street just outside the tavern.

HOOKER

All six o' you? Not for that kind o' money.

SOLDIER

What kind o' money? This is two thousand dollars I'm offerin' here!

HOOKER

Sorry, sugar. This is the gold rush and this here's boomtown.

JOHN AND THE OTHERS push through the crowd, trying to blend in as much as possible. When they get out of earshot JOHN speaks.

JOHN

Gotta be careful with the storm troopers. They'd love to turn us rebels in. Score a few points. Get outta this hellhole, get back into The Cave.

SARAH

They seem to be havin' a good enough time. Some punishment.

JOHN

You think that's a good time? You disappear in here, darlin'. You get a knife in yer belly or too much shit in yer veins. You get lost out here and nobody's gonna notice. Rhodes, he counts on that.

221

EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET (THE RITZ - RAIN) - NIGHT

221

They come to A LONG HUT WITH A SIGN that reads: THE RITZ.

JOHN

This is your hotel, darlin'. I'm not gonna stay with you but I'll always be close. You gonna hafta take care o' yourself like you said you was able to do.

SARAH nods. JOHN smiles at her. His warm, trustworthy eyes seem to glow in the dark.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

A lady named Isabel Sanchez... one of us... died in the jungle a few days ago. We destroyed her and buried her. So, for now, you're Isabel Sanchez. That way your name's on the roll.

SARAH

Isabel Sanchez.

JOHN

Some may notice that you're new. Just deny it. You'll get away with it. Nobody really looks at each other around here. Go on in. Get some sleep.

He squeezes her hand tightly, then he turns away and he and his buddies move down the street. THE RAIN is easing up but THE THUNDER IS STILL QUITE LOUD overhead. SARAH moves into THE RITZ.

222 INT. THE RITZ (RAIN) - NIGHT

222

It resembles the hospital. There are ROWS AND ROWS OF COTS. SOME PEOPLE SLEEP, alone and in pairs. OTHERS are awake, drinking, partying, screwing, weeping, shooting-up. SARAH finds an empty cot. She flops down onto the thing, welcoming its stiff, uncomfortable surface.

On AN ADJACENT COT, A MAN is jerking off. Beyond the open-walls SARAH can see THE BLUE-WHITE FLASHES coming from the electrified fence. Zombies are out there getting zapped. A DISTANT ELECTRIC BUZZ accompanies each flash, heard only between CLAPS OF THUNDER.

RAIN leaks in on SARAH but it doesn't keep her from falling asleep.

223 INT. THE RITZ - MORNING

223

Something wakes SARAH. THE SOUND OF A VOICE ON AN ELECTRIC BULLHORN. She sits up and looks around her.

About one third of the cots are empty. The OTHERS are still heaped with HUMANITY, snoring, vomiting, many O.D.'d and out cold.

VOICE (O.S. - FILTER)

I WANT TO KNOW! AND WHEN I WANT TO
KNOW SOMETHING... I GET REAL MEAN!
(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

VOICE(cont'd)
 'TIL SOMEBODY COMES ACROSS WITH THE
 INFORMATION I'M LOOKIN' FOR.

A few "BOARDERS" are staggering through the scattered cots, heading outside toward the commotion. SARAH slides off her cot and follows.

224

EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING

224

CAPTAIN RHODES is standing on A WOODEN PLATFORM near the gate. CARTER and FIVE OTHER SOLDIERS from The Cave are backing him up, their WEAPONS ready. TWO OTHER TROOPERS drag THE CORPSE OF THE WHITE COAT ZOMBIE that JOHN AND SPIDER destroyed during the night up to a spot in front of RHODES' makeshift podium. They plop it down on the ground.

RHODES
 (Speaking into A BULLHORN.
 It's his voice we've been
 hearing.)
 WE FOUND THIS... AND THREE OTHERS.
 I WANT TO KNOW WHO'S BEEN GOING
 OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND. I WANT TO
 KNOW HOW THEY'RE GETTING OUTSIDE
 THE COMPOUND. I WANT TO KNOW WHY
 THEY'RE GOING OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND.
 UNTIL I GET THESE ANSWERS, EACH
 MORNING... SOMEONE DIES!

RHODES quick-draws his PISTOL. There's A RAGTAG CROWD gathered in the area, obviously just a small portion of the population of STALAG SEVENTEEN. When RHODES draws, they back away, terrified. Some run into the streets. Others embrace each other. A few kneel, begging RHODES, begging God, for mercy.

At the back of the crowd stands TOBY TYLER. SARAH drifts up beside him. They both stare at RHODES with hatred in their eyes.

RHODES aims his PISTOL at one person, at another, at another. He's torturing them, aiming but not firing. Finally, he aims squarely at... TOBY TYLER.

TOBY holds his ground. SARAH, frightened herself but holding still, notices the sparks of contempt between the two men. RHODES keeps the PISTOL trained on TOBY for a long time. Then he grins.

RHODES
 How do you like it out here, Tyler?

TOBY, still under the gun, doesn't answer.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES
I said... how do you like it out
here, Tyler?

TOBY
I don't like it very much, sir.

RHODES
I didn't think you would.

Quite suddenly, RHODES moves the PISTOL. He picks A WOMAN randomly out of the crowd, a hooker type who happens to catch his eye. He aims at her chest and FIRES!

225 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 225

A RED HOLE ERUPTS OUT OF THE WOMAN'S BACK. She flies a few feet through the air and flops dead in the street.

A MAN steps out of the crowd.

MAN
YOU DEVIL! YOU CAN'T JUST...

RHODES FIRES AGAIN. THE MAN'S STOMACH TURNS RED. He doesn't realize what's happened to him at first. He totters for a moment, confused. RHODES SHOOTS A THIRD TIME. THE MAN'S HEART EXPLODES and he falls in a heap.

226 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 226

RHODES signals to CARTER'S men. They move forward with MACHETES, they reach THE TWO VICTIMS, and they set about decapitating the bodies.

There are ZOMBIES clambering at THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE. Their MOANS GET LOUDER as they smell blood. They push in more aggressively, almost not noticing the CURRENT that DANCES AROUND THEM, THROUGH THEM.

RHODES
I'LL BE HERE EVERY MORNING! EVERY
MORNING! UNTIL I FIND OUT WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE! AND I WANT A BETTER
TURNOUT THAN THIS, FOLKS. SPREAD
THE WORD THAT IF I FIND ANYBODY...
OVER-SLEEPING... THEY'LL BE THE
FIRST TO GET IT!

Suddenly, RHODES spins, picks somebody else out of the crowd, and FIRES THREE TIMES RAPIDLY.

227 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 227

ANOTHER HOOKER IS HIT IN THE LEG, IN THE CHEST, AND IN THE NECK. She flies through the air and lands on her back in the mud. She doesn't die right away. She lies there gurgling, whimpering, trying to scream but finding herself unable. PEOPLE around her back away. Nobody stoops to help.

228 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 228

RHODES steps down off his platform. He holsters his PISTOL and pulls on A PAIR of those BLACK RUBBER GLOVES.

RHODES
REMEMBER... I DON'T CARE HOW MANY
OF YOU DIE. I CAN USE THE STORES.

One by one he picks up THE HEADS OF THE FIRST TWO VICTIMS. He strolls closer to THE FENCE and lobs the things over the high barbed wire.

229 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 229

Outside the fence, THE ZOMBIES ATTACK THE HEADS, ripping, tearing, shoving one another, GROWLING.

NEW ROLLS OF THUNDER rebound across the turbulent looking Florida sky, and even THAT SOUND doesn't drown THE SOUND OF THE FEEDING DEAD at the electric fence.

230 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING 230

SARAH spits at the ground.

SARAH
El Diablo.

TOBY turns, noticing, hearing. Their eyes meet and they exchange a bit of hesitant, guarded comradeship.

231 INT. THE CONDITIONING ROOM IN THE CAVE - MORNING 231

A HALF-DOZEN TECHNICIANS move about the room. Over their LAB COATS they wear TUNICS which bear ORANGE CIRCLES. ARMED GUARDS escort WHITE AND BLUE COAT ZOMBIES in and out of the room with the help of NOOSE-POLES AND ELECTRIC PRODS.

We FOCUS ON A BLUE COAT. Under SUPERVISION, the thing is fumbling to tie A SHOELACE. It's failing miserably, but trying hard.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER BLUE is busy placing LITTLE WOODEN SHAPES into their proper HOLES IN A BOARD.

THE CAMERA FINALLY SETTLES ON A TABLE where TWO RED COATS ARE SITTING. Two behavioralists attend, one, a middle-aged woman named JACKSON, the other being the man we saw with MARY at Entrance Two last night, TED FISHER, BEARDED, his age a mystery.

We've seen these RED COATS before, in The Dormitory. We know which ones they are because their NAMES are MAGIC MARKERED on the backs of their RED VESTS.

TONTO is... or was... a Native American, probably Seminole. In front of him is A PLATE containing SEVERAL BITS OF MEAT. He has A FORK in his hand and he is idly stabbing at the meat. FISHER demonstrates using COOKED HAMBURGER BITS and A FORK AND PLATE of his own. TONTO watches with open-mouthed curiosity. He looks down, stabs a piece of raw meat and lifts it for examination.

The other Red Coat, BLUTO, looks just like Bluto from Popeye. He's bulky and he has a thick, black beard. With a SNARL, he lunges suddenly for the food on TONTO'S plate. He snatches a handful of meat and stuffs it into his mouth. TONTO hardly notices, he's still examining the morsel which he is holding up on his fork.

NEARBY GUARDS react but JACKSON stops them. It's clear that BLUTO isn't going to rampage. He was just copping a morning snack. As soon as he tastes the meat, however, he starts to pull the half-chewed chunks from his mouth, dribbling and spitting disgustedly.

FISHER
They won't accept a substitute.
They want their Alpo.

TONTO slowly moves his fork toward his mouth. When it gets close, his head lunges forward and he snatches the piece of meat between his drooling teeth.

FISHER
Alright! Way to go, Kemosabe!

232 INT. THE CONDITIONING ROOM - MORNING

232

MARY HENRIED has entered the room. She pulls up beside the seated FISHER and she watches TONTO with a kind of dubious interest.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TONTO stops chewing. He looks up at FISHER with exaggerated sadness in his face. Slowly, his mouth opens and the chewed piece of meat slides out between his lips. He looks at his fork, then he throws it down the way an infant might throw a spoon from a high chair.

MARY

They won't learn to use forks if they don't like the breakfast you're serving, Ted.

FISHER

The fork is like a game to them. If they get into the game, maybe they'll learn to like the food.

MARY

It won't work.

Suddenly, BLUTO jumps up from the table. Flinging his CHAIR, he staggers around behind TONTO, heading right toward MARY. His arms are outstretched and he is making a pleading, Karloff-like SOUND. THE GUARDS come after him but MARY stops them.

MARY

It's alright! Leave him alone!

BLUTO tromps right up in front of the woman with something like a smile on his face. His hands wave in the air inches from MARY'S waist. He is excited.

MARY

Good morning, Bluto.

MARY extends her right hand to meet BLUTO'S right and they shake, vigorously. Then the dumb creature drops his hands to his sides. He looks around. His brain sends no signal as to what he should do next. THE GUARDS lead him away.

MARY seems as though she might cry. She bites her lip, controlling the urge. TED FISHER stands, notcing.

FISHER

You alright, Mary?

She looks down at TONTO again, at the plate of alligator meat.

MARY

It won't work, Ted. This one's a good learner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY(cont'd)
Try him on something... something
more... practical.

SHOCK CUT TO:

233 INT. FIRING RANGE IN THE CAVE - MORNING 233

BLAM!!! A RED COAT is FIRING A PISTOL right AT THE LENS.
BLAM!!!

CLOSE ON: A TARGET, a flat cutout silhouette of a human figure. It has BLACK TRIANGLES painted on the instant-kill zones, brain, heart. BULLETS STRIKE in the neck, the torso, SOME RICOCHET OFF THE WALL behind the thing. None hit the kill-zones.

234 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - MORNING 234

MARY HENRIED enters. The place resembles a Police Department target range, where the shooters stand in stalls and fire down long alleys at targets which pop up against the opposite wall. In this case, the shooters are all ZOMBIES, RED COATS of trustworthy dispositions, but GUARDS are standing by, their own AUTOMATICS LEVELED AND READY, just in case. No matter how trustworthy, a zombie is a zombie, after all.

MARY walks down A CAGED CORRIDOR, passing behind the shooters. THE NOISE IS DEAFENING.

As she reaches the opposite end of the corridor, TWO TECHNICIANS greet her. They are watching the shooters and keeping score.

MARY
Have you seen Julie Grant this morning?

TECHNICIAN
She should be in the behavior rooms.

MARY
She's not. Hasn't shown up yet.

There's AN OFFSCREEN GROAN, THE SOUND of a zombie trying to communicate. MARY turns and sees...

The tall zombie named BUB standing in THE CLOSET STALL, trying to attract MARY'S attention. He was the one RHODES referred to last night as "MARY'S pride and joy," the one who was surly and unsociable during RHODES' visit. (BUB can tell the good guys from the bad guys.)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

BUB is wearing WESTERN-STYLE GUN BELTS, SIX-SHOOTERS hang in HOLSTERS on both of his hips. MARY faces BUB full with her body and delivers a military salute.

MARY
Good morning, Bub.

BUB replies with one of those pathetic sounds that obviously mean something to him. Then he, too, salutes. MARY pulls away, starting through AN EXIT behind THE TECHNICIANS, but BUB calls after her urgently. He makes only inarticulate sounds but we catch his drift. So does MARY, who stops in the doorway and looks back.

TECHNICIAN
I think he wants you to watch.

MARY
Okay, Bub. Do your stuff.

BUB turns toward the target wall. He stands there looking like a gunfighter on a western street. He glances once over his shoulder and MARY nods encouragement.

There's A HUMMING MECHANICAL SOUND. Against the target wall... KA-TCHANG! A SILHOUETTE pops up, the shape of a person. It's wearing AN ORANGE CIRCLE on its chest.

BUB'S hands twitch at his sides but they don't grab for the SIX-SHOOTERS. KA-TCHUNG-KA-TCHANG! The target disappears and ANOTHER POPS UP. This one, too, has AN ORANGE CIRCLE. Again BUB holds himself back.

KA-TCHUNG-KATCHANG! A FIGURE WITH NO CIRCLE...

BUB slaps leather... fast... lightning fast. This is Tom Mix, Hopalong, and the Man with No Name all rolled into one. BOTH GUNS... BLAM-KA-BLAM-KA-BLAM-BLAM-BAM!!!

HOLEs appear in THE TARGET... WOP-WOPPETY-WHUMP!!! All in the kill zones... or damn close. KA-TCHUNG! The target disappears.

BUB slaps ONE PISTOL back into its HOLSTER. He clicks open the shell-chamber on THE OTHER, dumps THE SPENT CARTRIDGES and, pulling NEW LOADS FROM HIS BELT, begins to reload.

ONE TECHNICIAN is jotting notes. THE OTHER turns toward MARY, who is staring at BUB'S back with mixed emotions showing on her face.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

Jesus!

BUB turns to face MARY. Dropping a bullet, he salutes again. MARY hesitates slightly, then salutes back.

MARY

Very good, Bub. That's... very good.

235

INT. A LOCKER ROOM IN THE CAVE - MORNING

235

PEOPLE are CHANGING CLOTHES, going on-and-off-duty. JULIE GRANT comes rushing in out of breath. She hurries over to A LOCKER, unbuttoning her blouse as she goes. MARY HENRIED enters, looking around. She spots JULIE and rushes toward her.

MARY

Where the hell have you been?

JULIE doesn't respond. She turns in to face her open locker, never looking up at MARY.

MARY

Julie. Are you alright?

(still no response)

You were missed this morning. I need you. I don't want you getting your ass in hot water. I won't be able to help if you...

JULIE

I don't need any help from you!

JULIE pulls on A LAB COAT over her bare top. She slams the locker door and storms away toward the exit.

MARY

Julie... JULIE!

But she's gone. The locker door has bounced open. MARY slams it and it bounces again. She pounds it with her fist. Suddenly, A LOUD BELL SOUNDS. MARY looks at her watch, then exits.

There are TWO WOMEN cleaning the locker room with MOPS AND PAILS. One of them turns to watch MARY HENRIED exit. We recognize her. She's SPIDER, the deaf mute from Stalag Seventeen.

236

INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - MORNING

236

Same activity as last night, TECHNICIANS manning RADIO CONSOLES, SECURITY GUARDS at VIDEO MONITORS, REPAIRMEN at work everywhere.

In the shadows UNDERNEATH ONE OF THE LARGE CONSOLES, A MAN lies on his back on the floor. ONE OF HIS HANDS reaches into A POCKET IN HIS GREASE-COVERED JUMPSUIT and pulls out A FAMILIAR-LOOKING SILVER HIP FLASK. We FOLLOW THE FLASK to the man's lips and we recognize BILL McDERMOTT. After a long pull, he pockets the flask again and goes back to work, with TOOLS FROM HIS TOOL BELT, on THE EXPOSED ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS that dangle above his head.

A PAIR OF BLACK LEATHER GESTAPO BOOKS come CLICKING up beside BILL'S shoulder. They stop and ONE TOE STARTS TO TAP impatiently. BILL sticks his head out and looks up at... CAPTAIN RHODES.

RHODES

Will it be finished today?

MCDERMOTT

Oh... er... I dunno, sir. I'm doin' me best, but...

RHODES

But nothing. It's got to be finished. We need it.

MCDERMOTT

Sir, everything on this island is mildewed and rottin' away to...

RHODES

It's climate controlled down here. Dry and constant.

MCDERMOTT

But a lot o' your spare parts are stored in the hot rooms. The warehouses outside the air-conditioned sectors.

RHODES

Why is that?

MCDERMOTT

Well... 'cause we have to go get the parts, sir... I mean... us workers from the outside.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MCDERMOTT(cont'd)

We ain't allowed into the
controlled storage areas, sir.

RHODES

Right. Right. Well... perhaps in
the case of electronic parts, we
could allow one or two of you in.
I'll think about it. Do what you
can with this unit for now.

RHODES CLICKS off. BILL is relieved. He's also elated. He
might have won a big score. The rebels need maps of the
inside of The Cave. He wipes perspiration away with his
sleeve and he pulls out his flask again to take another swig.

237

INT. THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE CAVE - MORNING

237

This is little more than A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM but it's
serving as GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS. There are FOLDING TABLES
AND CHAIRS forming a "U" around three sides of the room. The
open end of the "U" faces front, where, sitting in A BIG
STUFFED OFFICE CHAIR behind A DESK FLANKED WITH FLAGS (State
of Florida and the Stars and Stripes), is GOVERNOR HENRY
DICKERSON, the main man of this nightmare kingdom, A.K.A...
GASPARILLA.

At the tables sit A DOZEN OR SO COUNCILMEN, a mixed bag in
age and in dress. These were DICKERSON'S cronies from the
old Doral Country Club, close friends who were promised
asylum in DICKERSON'S private underground shelter. Now they
sit in council, "yessing" everything the boss man says.

One of them is acting as A STATE PROSECUTOR. He has A
DESPERATE-LOOKING PRISONER on the floor, standing with his
hands cuffed behind his back.

PROSECUTOR

He was found with a government
issue short-wave radio receiver in
his quarters. He's charged with
possession of illegal equipment and
with the theft of that equipment
from a government installation.

GASPARILLA'S pudgy hand, loaded with jewelry, reaches for A
BOWL OF FRUIT which sits on his desk beside A WINE GOBLET AND
A PITCHER. He picks off some GRAPES and pops them into his
mouth. He's a fat man with A HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE that makes
him look like Pancho Villa.

As an indication of his rank he wears A MILITARY JACKET. It
carries A FEW MEDALS AND A RIBBON OR TWO but it looks
basically like a surplus store reject.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Underneath is a Hawaiian style SHIRT WITH A BOLD FLAMINGO AND PALM TREE PATTERN. Around the man's neck, nestled in the rolls of fat there, is enough GOLD to stake a small business.

PROSECUTOR

I can only suggest that the court rule in favor of the ultimate penalty for this traitor.

GASPARILLA

You always recommend the ultimate penalty, Tommy Lee.

(He pours some wine.)

All those against the ultimate penalty raise yer hands.

None of THE COUNCILMEN move a muscle. GASPARILLA scans them slowly with his somewhat bloodshot eyes. He sips his wine and some of it drools out as he drawls on.

GASPARILLA

Ya mean ta say there's nobody gonna object to the ultimate penalty in this here case? Well, what if I object? What if I object to the ultimate penalty in this here case?

THE COUNCILMEN look nervous, apprehensive. When GASPARILLA decides to flex his muscles there's no telling where it might lead.

GASPARILLA

There's been a whole lotta swingin' influence and swingin' weight aroun-tyere lately. Does anybody at all give two shits fer what I think any more? Well, I'm a-gonna let this guy off. How d'yall like that? And I want the word ta git out I let him off. I let him off. Not this council. Maybe I can improve my image roun-tyere.

THE COUNCILMEN still look confused, though somewhat relieved. THE DEFENDANT looks up at GASPARILLA, hatred boiling inside him. GASPARILLA meets his gaze with a power-mad sneer.

GASPARILLA

Yer sentenced ta hard labor. Stalag Seventeen. A year.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN RHODES has just entered the room and heard the sentence. He glides over to ONE OF TWO SOLDIERS who are guarding the door. It's CARTER, RHODES' main goon.

CARTER

I could see he never gets there
alive.

RHODES

No. It's alright. Let him go.

PRISONER

WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME! I PREFER TO
DIE! I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH...
WITH THIS KIND OF... SIN!

GASPARILLA

WELL PISS ON YOU, MISTER! I JUST
SAVED YOUR ASS! YOU DAMN WELL
BETTER NOT GO HOLLERIN' LIKE THAT
IN HERE!

PRISONER

I SPIT ON YOU! THE ULTIMATE
PENALTY FOR YOU! BURN IN HELL...
FOR THE ULTIMATE SIN! PIG! ALL OF
YOU! PIGS!

GUARDS wrestle THE PRISONER away from the center of the floor. He screams wildly as they drag him out of the council room. GASPARILLA flops back deep in his chair, flustered but unscarred. His skin is about a foot thick. He sips more wine and slurps on A MANGO.

MARY HENRIED enters the room and hurries toward AN EMPTY SEAT at one of the tables in the "U." GASPARILLA checks THE DOCKET on his desk, smiles at something he reads there, then looks back up at MARY.

GASPARILLA

Well, Miss Henried, what a
coincidence. You're just in time
for a case that seems to concern
you. Guess you didn't care about
the other proceedin's that we been
dealin' with this mornin'.

MARY

I'm sorry. I was... busy. In the
lab.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

GASPARILLA

Well, you managed ta make it here
jus' in time fer this case, didn't
ya?

He whines out the words, a childish kind of singsong in his voice. (This would have been a great role for Slim Pickens.)

RHODES replaces THE PROSECUTOR on the floor. He smiles at MARY pointedly as he starts his speech.

RHODES

Sir. You were talking about...
influence. People swinging their
weight around, isn't that the way
you put it? Well, it's no secret
that it was... influence... that
brought Private Toby Tyler to
his... recent... standing in the
community.

MARY

(standing)

Sir. Tyler is innocent of any
crime against the state. Captain
Rhodes is...

GASPARILLA

(With a mouthful of mango)

Miss Henried, I think you better.

MARY

...Captain Rhodes is trying to...

GASPARILLA

(Spitting a wad of chewed
pulp into his hand)

MISS HENRIED, SHUT THE HELL UP!!!

MARY'S eyes indicate her frustration and anger but she does, in fact, shut up. GASPARILLA plops his handful of fruit-pulp onto the floor, wiping his fingers on A LARGE TERRY CLOTH TOWEL provided especially for these occasions.

GASPARILLA

I've listened ta you... I've
listened ta all o' you... once too
often. Now I b'lieve Cap'n Rhodes
has a legit'mit grievance against
this boyfriend o' yours and yore
gonna siddown an' lissen to it jes
like the rest of us.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY sits slowly. RHODES doesn't rub in his victory with a look her way. Instead he presses on according to the rules of order.

RHODES

I don't want to take up a lot of time with this. Mr. Tyler shot a prisoner against orders. Sergeant Carter here was a witness. I've reprimanded Tyler and had him sent outside. It's as simple as that.

GASPARILLA

This all true s'fars you know, Sergeant Carter?

CARTER

(Stepping forward one step from the door)

Yessir. I seen the shooting, sir. Like Cap'n Rhodes said.

RHODES

The prisoner was dying, sir. Tyler acted out of a sense of mercy. I don't believe Tyler to be dangerous, General. I think... two or three months outside will... teach him some discipline.

MARY

(Standing again)

Sir. I think it's quite clear that...

GASPARILLA

SHUT UP, MISS HENRIED! I TOL' YA B'FORE!

MARY

THIS IS A TRAVESTY! CAPTAIN RHODES IS...

GASPARILLA

SIDDOWN, YOUNG LADY! I DONE YOU A SHITLOAD O' FAVORS AND I AIN'T NEVER YET ASKED FER NOTHIN' IN RETURN! NOW HOW'D YOU LIKE TA SPEND TWO WEEKS UP T'THE VEG'TABLE FARM YERSELF? THAT'S WHAT IT'LL BE IF YA DON'T SIDDOWN AN' SHUT THE HELL UP!

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY checks herself. There's a perverse air of danger fuming off the fat General. His attitude toward her has changed. Her glance toward RHODES and his purposeful avoidance of her eyes tell us that he's responsible for GASPARILLA'S new peeve. There's little MARY can do. She seems to have lost this round. She can only hope that that's all she's going to lose.

GASPARILLA

Now I think the punishment suggested is fair, considerin'. In fact I think you ain't got shit ta complain about, Missy.

MARY

May I be excused?

GASPARILLA

You may not. Siddown an' finish this day with the rest of us! Jesus!

MARY

(Softly, carefully)

I'm sorry, General, if I... spoke out of turn. May I... may I may a statement concerning this case?

GASPARILLA

Go ahead. Make it short, though.

MARY

Mr. Tyler is not here to defend himself. He has no representation. I don't believe due process is served by...

GASPARILLA

Listen here, it's about time you learned the street you're livin' on, Henried. I am the only due process that hasta be served aroun-tyere. And one of the people doin' the servin' from now on is gonna be you! Now you been prancin' aroun' The Cave like yer ass was made o' glass fer long enough! All that's gonna change, young lady. Now if you still got a statement you'd like ta make, you can jus' hold on to it 'til tonight.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY

Tonight?

GASPARILLA

That's right. "Bout eight, if that suits. We'll start out in my gymnasium an' progress on from there... to various other forms o' physical therapy.

MARY shoots a hate-filled eyeful at RHODES again. This time THE CAPTAIN responds with a phony look of sympathy.

238

INT. GASPARILLA'S GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

238

The place is full of EXERCISE EQUIPMENT, TREADMILLS, WEIGHTS, A NAUTILUS, ETC. There are other items which seem contradictory, PLUSH PILLOWS around the floor, A HUGE CIRCULAR BED SURROUNDED BY MIRRORS. Delicacies of FOOD AND DRINK lie about on LOW TABLES. The room is a cross between Elaine Powers and a harem chamber.

GASPARILLA has exchanged his military jacket for A MIAMI DOLPHINS T-SHIRT which is much too tight around his bulging belly. He sweats profusely as he pedals AN EXCERCYCLE

In A SMALL STAGING AREA which is isolated by AN ELECTRIFIED FENCE, TWO ZOMBIES are fighting over A PIECE OF RAW MEAT. One of them is a heavy-set female, her hair wild, her breast and belly sagging. The other is a one-armed male wearing A DISNEY WORLD T-SHIRT. They snarl at each other, bite, kick and toss each other around like wrestlers.

All around, THE COUNCILMEN lounge, some with COUNTRY-CLUB TYPE WOMEN, conservatively dressed and wearing suitable jewelry (obviously wives left over from the good old days) and some with SCANTILY CLAD COURTESANS. OTHER SCANTILY CLAD COURTESANS are serving HORS D'OEUVERS and pouring WINE, offering SMOKE AND SNORT.

MARY HENRIED is sitting on the floor, lost in fluffy pillows, her LAB COAT incongruous. She sips WHITE WINE but refuses any food that's offered. Her stomach is turning. RHODES watches her from nearby. A SCANTILY CLAD COURTESAN of his own is spreading herself all over him. In an obvious attempt to show MARY what she's missing out on, RHODES is being attentive and gentle with the courtesan, turning on what charm he can.

In the arena, THE FEMALE ZOMBIE gets a headlock on THE MALE. She slams his face into the electrified fence and holds it there. SPARKS FLY IN WILD PATTERNS.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

GASPARILLA and the OTHER SPORTS FANS react with BOOS AND CHEERS. We catch glimpses of heavy betting among the fat cats.

WHUMP! THE MALE ZOMBIE wallops THE FEMALE with his good elbow, knocking her back. THE MORSEL OF MEAT slithers across the floor and THE FEMALE scrambles after it on all fours. THE MALE catches her and grabs her hair from behind. He plants a knee squarely in her back just below the neck and he wrenches her head up violently. HER NECK SNAPS.

A CHEER goes up from THE CROWD. THE MALE ZOMBIE, holding only THE FEMALE'S hair, twists with all his might and flings the corpse across the floor. It heaps up against the fence. SPARKS FLY as it lies there twitching, not dead but incapable of motor function. A GUARD steps up and perfunctorily SHOTS THE THING THROUGH ITS BRAIN, then, using his ELECTRIC PRODDER, he slides the body away from the fence in order to stop the sparking.

GASPARILLA
AWRITE... AWRITE... WHAT'S IT GONNA
BE? WHO WON THEIR BETS AND WHO
LOST?

He waves his arms in the air, his thumbs extended out of his fists and flipping up and down, up and down. He's asking for a signal from the still shouting guests.

THE GOOD OLE BOYS respond, each signaling a thumb-up or thumbs-down fate for the winning zombie. It's a pretty even split.

GASPARILLA
Looks like even money. I'll break
the tie. I bet the lady ta win and
I'm... PISSED!

He punches his fist into the air with its thumb pointed down. THE GUARD in the arena steps up to THE MALE ZOMBIE. THE CREATURE looks up, chewing on THE PIECE OF MEAT, his reward. THE GUARD PUTS A BULLET THROUGH THE DUMB THING'S BRAIN. As THE CORPSE flops backward onto the floor, PANELS COME OUT OF THE WALL AND SLIDE SHUT, closing the arena from view. MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY, a piped-in easy jazz-rock (Wes Montgomery or anyone else who GASPARILLA might find to be hip).

GASPARILLA
AWRITE. C'MON LADIES. OFF WITH
IT... AND ON WITH IT... HA HA HA...

SEVERAL OF THE COURTESANS spring up, stripping off what few clothes they are wearing.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Some strip naked, others down to panties. They hop onto various exercise apparatuses and begin to "workout," tits flopping, thighs pumping... GASPARILLA'S kind of entertainment.

GASPARILLA pulls ONE WOMAN tight against him. Still pedaling his own Excercycle, he bites the woman on the breast then slaps her bare ass hard by way of sending her on her way.

GASPARILLA
Oh, Lordy, Lordy... I'm drunk as a
skunk. Look at this... will ya
jus' loooooooooook at these lovelies!

THE GIRLS around the room are disporting gleefully to the music beat.

GASPARILLA
Say, Henried, you ever try it with
another girl?

MARY looks up at the fat General not knowing whether or not she should answer, afraid of what he might try to make her do.

GASPARILLA
I've tried it with boys. Too
strenuous.

A DOOR has opened at the back of the room and FOUR MORE WOMEN have brought in SILVER PLATTERS full of NEW HORS D'OEUVRES, prepared carefully and laid out like sushi. The hors d'oeuvres are distributed and people eat them.

GASPARILLA
Folks. I just couldn't resist.
How d'yall like those? How do
those taste?

GUESTS look up, not knowing what to expect. MARY fears the worst. She looks around and sees RHODES grinning. A knot comes up into her throat. She tries to swallow it down.

GASPARILLA
Fresh from the freezers, folks.
It's what... they... eat.

A mixed reaction moves in a wave through THE CROWD. A FEW of the guests are revulsed. ONE MAN starts to vomit and he runs from the room. OTHERS leave with him but, for the most part, the party goes on. The MUSIC CONTINUES, THE GIRLS keep on keepin' on.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

GASPARILLA

Just kiddin', folks. Just kiddin'.
Would I do a thing like that? I
ask ya now. Would I? Hah ha ha ha
ha...

Relief spreads and the bacchanalian atmosphere slowly
restores itself to high pitch. GASPARILLA turns on some
pedaling speed. Sweating like a bull, he's pumping hard,
trying to make the dial hit some unattained new mark.

GASPARILLA

(out of breath)

The great... state... of Florida.
People... came here fer years... to
die. Retire... and expire... under
the sunshine tree. The rest o' the
country... used ta think we was...
nothin' but a bunch o' farts and
fogies. Hah! Now... this here's
the new... Capital o' the World!
Hah!

(he stops pedaling, sits
there beat)

They came here... died... went ta
hell... and the Devil sent 'em back
as an army. Hah! General
Gasparilla's army... MY ARMY!!!

He climbs off the cycle and staggers over toward MARY. He
belly-wops down onto A COLLECTION OF PILLOWS. His face is
flushed. He chugs WINE directly from A PITCHER to cool
himself off, then he grabs some FRUIT from a nearby BOWL.

MARY

We think there are other cities
surviving. We think maybe
Detroit... there's some signaling
out of Philly.

GASPARILLA

There's no place like this place.
Warm climate. This facility.
Christ, there ain't nothin' like
this no-damn-where! Even the Feds
knew that. That's why they stored
so much o' their shit down here.
You shoulda seen this place when
the missiles was in here. BIG!
WHOOOOOIEEEEE! Big as smokestacks
on a fact'ry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

GASPARILLA (cont'd)

We woulda blown them fuckers in
Cuba clean outta the water.
Shoulda done, too! Anyway. It's
all mine now. All mine. Just let
'em try to come after us down here.
Which they will, someday. Take a
likin' ta what all we got and come
after us. They'll hafta get past
our army! An army that ain't
afraid ta die... ha ha ha... 'cause
it's awreddy DAID! Ha ha ha...

MARY

It's not a very big army. And
small as it is you won't be able to
continue feeding it for very long.
We've got to find ways of getting
them to respond without relying
on...

GASPARILLA

You'll find the ways, Miss Mary.
And when ya do... we'll sail on
over ta Fort Meyers... or any other
damn place fer that matter... and
start us a recruitin' program.
There's millions o' Bees out there
jus' waitin' fer a General ta lead
'em on ta vict'ry.

GASPARILLA swallows another huge quantity of wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

239 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

239

The room is empty now. REMNANTS of food and drink clutter
the place. THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY across the floor until it
discovers THE FAT GENERAL, asleep, SNORING loudly, lying
across THE PILLOWS in the same spot where we last saw him.
One of his hands clutches THE WINE PITCHER, on its side and
empty. The other, at the end of a fat arm which is draped
over MARY'S lap, holds A HALF-EATEN PEACH.

MARY is trying to move out from under the weight of that fat
arm without waking the man. She slides on the floor a few
inches... a few inches more...

With A SNORT, GASPARILLA rolls over. His eyes pop open,
focus on MARY, and a smile rolls his fat cheeks back.

GASPARILLA

Well, hi there, y'all.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY looks down at the man without responding. She's repulsed and afraid. Suddenly, he drops his peach and his hand grabs the lapels of MARY'S LAB COAT. She pulls away and he crawls after her, his belly bouncing on the floor as it leaves the pillows.

MARY wrenches her body around, turning her back to the man, but his hand keeps its grip on her coat. He pulls hard, turning her back to face him, and BUTTONS POP. The coat falls open. He reaches for her blouse. She's really fighting now, kicking and trying to slide out from under his sea-lion flab. He rips her blouse open and, for a moment, his hands are grabbing at her bare breasts. He dives at her but he's unconscious before his face reaches her chest. MARY falls back and he flops on top of her, immobile, a beached whale.

She pulls herself out from under his dead weight. Shivering, she clutches her blouse and jacket, holding them closed over her bare top, and she hurries out of the room.

240

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

240

AN OILY VOICE calls to MARY as she spills out into THE HALLWAY.

RHODES

He won't fall asleep every night,
Miss Science.

MARY

(her voice quivering)
Listen, you... you fuckhead! You tell that fat-ass boss of yours that if he lays one more hand on me I'll kill him! I'll... I'll kill him! And that goes for you, too!

RHODES

Treason, Miss Science. High treason. Oh, and in case you still haven't gotten the picture... our fat General is nobody's "Boss." We put up with him... or, more appropriately, I put up with him.

MARY

Don't kid yourself, Rhodes. This is his farm. These are his toys. He handpicked us, all of us who are down here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MARY(cont'd)

He saved our asses and he can toss
us right back onto the trash heap.
That goes for you just like it goes
for the rest of us.

RHODES

You're wrong. You'll learn. For
the moment, I suppose it really
doesn't matter... to someone in
your position... which one of us
calls the shots. Gasparilla... or
me.

241 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - DAWN 241

Light is just breaking through the trees when THE GATES ARE
OPENED admitting FIVE UNIFORMED MEN into the camp. Outside
THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE, ZOMBIES clamber excitedly. SPARKS
FLY, sending WHITE FLASHES up to meet the morning purple.

242 INT. THE RITZ - DAWN 242

SARAH jumps, awakened by A VOICE and THE LOUD POUNDING of
RIFLES against the UPRIGHTS of the long sleeping hut.

RHODES

REVEILLE! REVEILLE! RISE AND
SHINE!

RHODES is standing near the entrance of the hut. CARTER AND
THREE OTHER GOONS are doing the POUNDING.

Here and there, stunned, disease-ridden faces look up from
their cots. Fear sweeps through the room like a tropical
wind.

RHODES

I WARNED YOU NOT TO LET YOURSELF
GET CAUGHT SLEEPING IN!

242A INT. THE RITZ - DAWN 242A

He draws his MAGNUM and BLAM! BLAM! HE SHOOTS TWO COT-
PEOPLE WHO HAPPEN TO BE IN HIS CLOSE RANGE. They both tumble
to the dirt floor.

243 INT. THE RITZ - DAWN 243

RHODES eyes scan the other people in the hut. They fall on a
familiar face. The face of THE PRISONER who we saw in the
Council Room, the one who GASPARILLA saved from a death
sentence. The man makes the sign of the cross, knowing
what's coming.

244 INT. THE RITZ - DAWN 244

BLAM! BLAM! RHODES FIRES TWO RAPID SHELLS AT THE MAN. HIS CHEST TURNS RED and he flies off his cot onto an adjacent cot, landing on top of A SCREAMING WOMAN.

ANOTHER WOMAN, one of the first two who RHODES shot, is pulling herself, BLEEDING, up off the floor. She wasn't killed by RHODES' first bullet. He steps over to her and... BLAM! BLAM!... finishes the botched job. Then he and his men leave the hut as abruptly as they entered.

245 INT. THE RITZ - DAWN 245

SARAH is stunned. As PEOPLE around her react with SCREAMS AND SOBS, she locks her eyes on RHODES.

246 EXT. THE RITZ - DAWN 246

RHODES is moving down the street just outside the OPEN WALL of the structure. PEOPLE IN THE STREET ARE PRESSING IN to see what happened. THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MEN ignore the people, except for A FEW who they have to shove out of their path.

SARAH'S COT is right against THE OUTSIDE RAILING. RHODES passes within inches of her. She stares at the man, her emotions welling inside her. She grabs the railing. She's about to jump out into the street when A BIG BLACK HAND grabs her arm. It's JOHN, who has pushed through the gathering crowd just in time to stop SARAH from doing something she would probably regret.

SARAH

Let me go! I'm the one he wants.
I'm the outsider. This is all
happening because of me. If I turn
myself in...

JOHN

He'd just find another reason for
doin' what he's doin'. Don't ya
see? He got ta kill us. He got ta
feed his... students.

SARAH

My God! Then this is just a
breeding ground. These people
are... like cattle for those...

Behind JOHN, out in the street, TOBY TYLER is looking at SARAH. He has heard some of the conversation.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN turns and sees the soldiers standing there in his uniform from The Cave and his eyes go dark with apprehension.

TOBY

It's alright. I'm a friend. I need help and so do you. What's a safe place to talk?

JOHN

Ain't no place safe.

TOBY

Look... I know you have no reason to trust me. I've got friends in The Cave. I got some stuff comin' out this morning. I'm gonna try to get off the island.

PEOPLE push in closer, attracted by THE COMMOTION which still boils inside The Ritz. TOBY has to shut up for a time. The crowd continues to grow. He has to make it fast. He whispers.

TOBY

I'm gonna have this stuff sent over to the hospital...

JOHN

The hospital?
(surprised, worried)

TOBY

Yeah. It's all marked with red crosses so nobody gets too nosey. Meet me at the hospital after the supplies come in. Maybe we can find a place over there to talk.

JOHN

Maybe.

TOBY drifts off into the crowd. JOHN AND SARAH exchange glances.

SARAH

I've seen him around. Rhodes and him got bad blood between 'em. I dunno. He seems okay.

247

EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING

247

SUPPLIES are being brought in through THE MAIN GATES. PEOPLE from the camp are hauling CRATES AND CARTONS AND BAGS OF GRAIN AND SEED AND FERTILIZER.

TRICKS is in charge of the PATROL FROM THE CAVE. He's got A CLIPBOARD with PACKING LISTS and he's checking off items as they're picked up. TOBY TYLER sidles up to his old friend.

TOBY

Hey, Tricks. Some detail they got you on.

TRICKS

Not as bad as yours, pal.

They move closer to one another, whispering under the NOISE.

TOBY

Whatd'ya get?

TRICKS

Rafts. Two .38s. A little ammo.

TOBY

We need fuel, and a couple automatics.

LUKEY, the Oriental orderly, picks up A DOLLY which is LOADED DOWN WITH CRATES MARKED WITH RED CROSSES.

TRICKS

Hey, you. Those two on the bottom. Don't open those yet. They might be from the wrong shipment. Just keep 'em around 'til I can check.

LUKEY

Yessir. I never open 'em. Nossir. I keep 'em innaback for you.

248

EXT. THE FRONT STREET OF STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING

248

Watching from the shadows of A BUILDING, are JOHN, SARAH AND DIESEL.

DIESEL

He's a spy. A spy for Rhodes.

JOHN

Give him a chance.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

They watch on, their eyes alert to detail.

249 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN (THEIR P.O.V.) - 249
MORNING

TOBY pulls away from TRICKS when LUKEY goes trudging off with the heavy DOLLY-LOAD. TOBY wanders toward the front street.

250 EXT. FRONT STREET - MORNING 250

JOHN AND THE OTHERS move out. They catch up with TOBY in the middle of the street. They flank him and walk alongside.

JOHN
Whatd'ya tell that soldier,
soldier? Ya tell him we was
rebels?

TOBY
He's my contact for Chrissake!
There's two crates. Can you get me
into the hospital?

SHOCK CUT TO:

251 INT. STORAGE BAY IN THE HOSPITAL - MORNING 251

CREAK! A CROWBAR is prying at THE BOARDS OF A CRATE. We're in A WEB-COVERED STORAGE BAY with walls on three sides. JOHN guards the entrance with LUKEY while DIESEL AND TOBY pry at TWO RED CROSS CRATES with CROWBARS. SARAH stands nearby.

THE LIDS LIFT and inside we see ARMY-ISSUE LIFE RAFTS.

TOBY
There ya go. Complete with air
canisters... little motors.

JOHN
We got a boat.

TOBY
What?

JOHN
I saw we got a boat. Can you get
other stuff?

TOBY
I got fuel comin' out and, I hope,
some automatic rifles.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

DIESEL

He's just tryin' to win us over.
This doesn't prove anything.

JOHN

I'm gonna trust him, Diesel. He
already knows who we are. And we
ain't got a bunch o' time to mess
around with old Rhodes shootin' up
the joint each and ev'ry mornin'.

TOBY roots through the open crates. Inside one of them he finds A STRING-TIED PACKAGE. He opens that and pulls out THE PISTOLS which TRICKS told him about. There are also A FEW BOXES OF AMMO in the wrapping. TOBY tosses one of the guns to JOHN. The big man walks over and puts the weapon back inside the crate.

JOHN

Can't walk around here with these.
Let's just leave 'em here 'til we
ready ta use 'em.

TOBY puts his pistol back as well and JOHN motions for DIESEL to close the crates.

CUT TO:

252

INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER IN THE REBEL TUNNEL - DAY

252

CLOSE ON: HANDS carefully... very carefully... pouring DROPS OF CLEAR LIQUID into A TEST TUBE. The liquid is sweating slowly out of AN OLD, MILDEWED AND ROTTING STICK OF DYNAMITE which has been softened to near melting by the jungle heat. The drops are being touched to the lip of the test tube and allowed to run gently down the inside. Two inches of liquid has already been collected in the bottom of the tube.

THE CAMERA PANS and we see ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS, ANOTHER STICK OF DYNAMITE AND ANOTHER TEST TUBE, the same slow procedure in progress.

PAN A LITTLE FURTHER over A TABLETOP to discover A RACK which holds A DOZEN TEST TUBES, already FILLED WITH FIVE INCHES OF LIQUID EACH, CORKED SHUT and SEALED WITH MELTED WAX.

A THIRD PAIR OF HANDS, these belonging to DOC LOGAN, pouring LIQUID FROM ANOTHER MELTED DYNAMITE STICK, suddenly start to tremble.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

Take it away from me. Quickly.
Take it! Take it!

A WOMAN rushes over. As gently as possible she takes the vial and the dynamite away from the doctor. Sweat is pouring down his brow. He pulls out A HANDKERCHIEF and wipes his face. His hands are shaking quite violently now. He fumbles for A VIAL OF PILLS and swallows TWO OF THEM DRY. THE WOMAN AND TWO OTHER MEN, whose hands we saw a moment ago working with the dynamite, exhale with relief.

THE WOMAN gently sets the test tube she took from the doctor into an empty hole in the rack. Then she wraps AN OLD RAG around the stick of dynamite and, treating the thing as though it was an unexploded bomb, she carries it over and sets it gently down inside AN OPEN CRATE, years old and crusted with mildew, which is still half filled with DYNAMITE that has yet to be drained.

LOGAN

Sorry. I'm sorry. I'll, er...
I'll be alright. I'll be...
alright in a moment.

JOHN

You're sick, Doc. You been sick
for a while now. Too sick ta be
workin' with us on this raid.

JOHN, SARAH AND DIESEL are standing in a corner of the underground chamber, against one of the earthen walls. TOBY TYLER stands with them, sweating himself, and obviously nervous.

JOHN

You help us enough by providin'
cover for us. Hidin' us out and
hidin' the weapons. Let the rest
of us handle the dangerous parts.
It's too much for you.

LOGAN

It's my fight as much as yours.
More than yours, even. Much more.
The things they made me do... the
things they made... me... do. I
want to see Rhodes destroyed. I
want to see all of them... all of
them... destroyed. It's my duty...
in the eyes of God. In the eyes of
God.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Logan is really flipso now, over the edge and looking insane.

TOBY

It won't work. That's pure nitro you're workin' with there. That stuff can blow if you look at it wrong. Whatd'ya think you're gonna do? Walk into The Cave carrying those tubes on feather pillows? You don't even have a complete layout of the inside. Even if you somehow manage to avoid a fight, you won't know where to go. You'd have to move too slow.

JOHN

We're hopin' you can show us where to go, Toby. You know your way around in there.

TOBY

Oh, no. I'm tryin' to get off this island alive. I'll help you all I can but I'm not goin' in there to fight it out.

SARAH

That's the way I felt. But Rhodes has to be stopped. I see it now.

TOBY

Christ, you're talkin' suicide! You'll get in there... blow out some power generators... some radios maybe, a supply room or two. You'll all be killed and in a few weeks they'll be back to business as usual. That place was built to withstand nuclear attack. What're you gonna do with a half-dozen guns and a few sticks o' nitro?

LOGAN

We're going to blow up the powder magazine.

TOBY

What?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN

We know what's down there. We did the loadin' and unloadin' when the stuff came ashore in the early days. A direct hit oughta do more than a few weeks worth o' damage.

TOBY

A direct hit'll blow the top off this whole island! And how're you gonna fuse the stuff? How're you gonna leave yourself time to get out?

JOHN

McDermott's workin' on a timer. Electric timer.

TOBY

You're fuckin' out of your minds! There's two hundred people down there. You gonna murder two hundred people?

LOGAN

Two hundred sinners! Animals! Filth! Doing the work of the Devil!

TOBY

What about the people here in the camp? If they don't get blown to kingdom come their food'll be destroyed, their water, medical supplies that are stored in The Cave. They won't have any more power. They won't stand a chance of surviving. Count me out, friends. I'm gonna get my ass outta here. Anybody wants to come along is welcome. Now show me the way out of this sewer, will ya?

Silence falls over the chamber for a long moment. Finally JOHN moves toward A DUGOUT HOLE IN ONE OF THE WALLS. TOBY follows him. Before climbing in, he turns to face the group once more.

TOBY

I wanna see Rhodes burn just as much as you do, but... all those people.

(MORE)

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY(cont'd)

We don't have the right to be their judges. Just like they don't have the right to be our judges.

TOBY turns and climbs into the dugout. SARAH follows him. JOHN looks around at the faces in the group, his eyes searching for reactions, then he follows the others into the tunnel.

DOC LOGAN'S hands have stopped shaking. He speaks to THE WOMAN.

LOGAN

I'm alright now. Give me that tube, please, and the dynamite.

WOMAN

Maybe... maybe we should think about what he says.

A MAN AT THE TABLE

It is gonna be tough to get this stuff inside.

LOGAN

We've got to try. It's the only way to salvation. Give me the tube.

DIESEL

I'll do it.

DIESEL sits on A WOODEN CRATE at the table. Gently he lifts LOGAN'S TUBE from the rack. THE WOMAN hesitantly brings him the wrapped stick of dynamite. He unwraps it carefully and begins to pour its nitro-sweat into the tube.

THE TWO MEN look at each other, not resuming their work. LOGAN sits with his hands, palms down, on the tabletop, looking like a mad pontiff.

LOGAN

We know what we must do. It's written for us in the Bible. "They shall be driven from the land of the living down to the world of the dead. That is the fate of those who care nothing for God."

253 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

253

LUKEY is re-setting THE FLOOR BOARDS over THE TUNNEL OPENING. TOBY, SARAH AND JOHN, having just climbed out, are brushing dirt from their clothes. There's no talking for a time. TOBY, feeling strangely guilty, catches JOHN'S eyes. He sees the frustration, the confusion there.

TOBY

Okay. We go into The Cave. I'll take you to the power generators, to the governors that control all the computer systems, and down to the cages where they keep the Red Coats.

THE OTHERS look at him, surprised, grateful, enthused again.

TOBY

We smash the place up a little. Destroy the Bees. That's it. Deal?

JOHN

Deal.

TOBY

Then we get off the island... if we're still breathin'. They're not gonna sit around with their thumbs up their asses while we bust up their toys.

JOHN

Datura.

TOBY

What?

JOHN

Datura Metel. The Devil's Trumpet. Don't worry. I ain't goin' religioso again. It's a flower that grows on these islands. Where I come from the voodoo priests used it whenever they needed a Mickey Finn. It's toxic. Ground up you can put it in a drink or inject it... or... in a sealed area it might be introduced through the ventilation system.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

SARAH

The Devil's Trumpet! Miguel knew it! Datura, he was shouting! Datura Metel!

JOHN

We always planned to use it. We got some ground up already but we could never find enough.

SARAH

There's hundreds of 'em. Right where we landed our boat.

TOBY

This stuff really works? No shit?

JOHN

Quicker than gas. And it smells a lot prettier. It usually don't kill but it puts somebody under for a good night's sleep.

TOBY

If we could knock out the central communications room we could foul up their whole intercom system. Then, if we move fast enough, stay ahead of 'em... without bein' able to signal each other, they might have a hard time catchin' us.

JOHN

I say it's poetic. Pure calypso, brother. The Devil's Trumpet blowin' the notes o' doom for the Devil's troops! Ha ha ha ha ha...

254

EXT. THE BACKWATER - NIGHT

254

THE MOTOR LAUNCH that brought SARAH and her friends to the island sits in the still channel surrounded by thick jungle. WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH BINOCULARS (there's a horizontal 8 shape, in black, framing the picture). There are SOLDIERS ABOARD, two of RHODES' men from The Cave, pacing the deck, passing A BOTTLE back and forth.

JOHN (O.S.)

Well, we found yer boat, lady, but so did they.

255

EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE BACKWATER - NIGHT

255

JOHN, SARAH AND TOBY are huddled behind green cover. TOBY has THE BINOCULARS to his eyes. Behind them, MAPMAKER is drawing on ONE OF HIS CHARTS. They are all wearing ORANGE CIRCLE VESTS.

TOBY

Looks like just two. We can take 'em when the time comes.

MAPMAKER

I got it mapped. We won't have trouble finding it again. We're only about a quarter-mile from Cave Entrance Five.

TOBY

Perfect. That entrance is closet to the labs and cages.

JOHN

Come on. Let's go.

They move off stealthily.

256

EXT. THE DATURA CLEARING - NIGHT

256

THE GROUP comes into the clearing with THE SPECTACULAR PLANTS that MIGUEL discovered when his group first landed. Six feet tall, their red-gold blossoms like trumpets with their bells down, these are DATURAS, nightshades indigenous to southern Florida and parts of the Caribbean.

THE TWO MEN AND THE WOMEN who we saw working on the nitro sticks are chopping off the eighteen-inch blossoms and bagging them into LARGE HEFTY LEAF BAGS. They're wearing HOSPITAL MASKS over their mouths and noses.

JOHN AND MAPMAKER pitch in to help. TOBY AND SARAH move in as well but JOHN stops them.

JOHN

Just stand guard for now. Spell us after a while. Can't breathe this grass too long or somebody hafta carry you home.

JOHN AND MAPMAKER don MASKS and go to work. JOHN pulls several blossoms down and sets them on the ground. He starts to chop them up with his MACHETE.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN
We better chop 'em up out here in
the open air. Back in the tunnel
we'd all fall down from the poison.

Work goes on in silence. The jungle leaves rustle all around the clearing, SOUNDING LIKE HIGHWAY TRAFFIC. THE VOICES OF NIGHT CREATURES bite the night air occasionally.

SHOCK CUT TO:

257 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE RITZ - NIGHT 257

MUSIC ROCKS AND VOICE SHOUT. The street scene is as wild as it ever has been. HOOKERS AND PUSHERS AND DRUNKS pack the hot darkness.

258 INT. THE RITZ - NIGHT 258

At A COT near the open wall, in DIM LIGHT from AN OVERHEAD BULB outside on the street, SARAH, JOHN AND MAPMAKER huddle, speaking in whispers. There are only A FEW OTHER INHABITED COTS, and none of them are very nearby. THE DIN FROM THE STREET makes it impossible for others to hear the conspirators. MAPMAKER is drawing A DIAGRAM to specs that TOBY is dictating.

TOBY
There are maintenance shafts that
run behind all the main rooms.
Nobody's in those at night. We can
use those shafts to get around.
First stop will be the power
governors. We'll kick a surge into
their computer network that'll
erase everything stored in 'em.
Then...
(He points on MAPMAKER'S
diagram.)
...over in here... that's where the
cages are. The Dormitory, they
call it...

259 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 259

Pushing through THE UNRULY CROWD is a puffing BILL McDERMOTT, his face showing alarm.

260 INT. THE RITZ - NIGHT 260

BILL leans in through the open wall and speaks, out of breath.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

MCDERMOTT

The Doc's gone. Diesel and Jack
and Spider with him. They took the
guns... and the nitro.

261

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

261

CLOSE ON: LUKEY, beside himself, almost to the point of
tears.

LUKEY

I couldn't stop 'em, boss. No way I
coulda stop 'em, I sweah. They tie
me up an stick dis...

(he's waving A PILLOWCASE
in his hand, the action
accentuating his frenzied
state.)

...they stick dis in my mouf. You
b'lieve dis?

JOHN is in the room with SARAH, TOBY, BILL MCDERMOTT,
MAPMAKER, THE WOMAN who was working on the nitro, and ONE OF
THE NITRO MEN. This is now the entire rebel force.

THE FLOORBOARDS TO THE TUNNEL have been thrown aside, the
weapons that were stashed there are gone.

MCDERMOTT

I was inside The Cave yesterday
workin' repairs. Spider was in on
clean up. I seen her talkin' ta
some insiders... well, she was
scribblin', they was talkin'...
mighty palsy.

TOBY

Jesus! They're gonna try to do it!
They're goin' in! They got
somebody to help 'em from the
inside!

MCDERMOTT

That's what I figured soon's I saw
the nitro was gone... and the guns.

LUKEY

They din' get da pistols. You know
dem pistols you buddy send in wida
raffs.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

I gotta get Mary out. Tricks...

JOHN

What?

TOBY

People... I gotta get out. We gotta go now! Tonight! Right away!

MCDERMOTT

Oh, Lord!

(He polishes off what's left in his flash and moves to refill it from THE BOTTLES IN LOGAN'S CABINET.)

MAPMAKER

We're not ready.

JOHN

Well... if ya think about it... we as ready as we ever gonna be.

MAPMAKER

You said yourself they'd never make it with the nitro.

TOBY

They're crazy. Who knows what they might try in there. There's people that mean a lot to me and I'm not takin' any chances.

JOHN

Now's the best time no matter how ya slice the bread. Doc gets caught an' they're gonna triple the guard in there. We might never get in. How was they carryin' the nitro, Lukey?

LUKEY

Oh, me. You ain't gonna b'lieve dis neider. You ain't, I sweah. They put it into Spidah body.

TOBY

They what?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LUKEY

De Doc. He cuts up Spidah here and here and here

(He indicates spots around his chest, shoulders, stomach)

...he stick dem tubes in dere, jus' undah da skin like... an' den he sews 'em all up. I sweah. I sweah, sweah, sweah, sweah, sweah!

262

EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

262

JACK, the other nitro-man, and DIESEL are chopping a path through the undergrowth with MACHETES. Behind them, DOC LOGAN is walking slowly along, his arms tightly wrapped around SPIDER, guiding the woman carefully around obstacles. SPIDER is sweating rivers. She's shivering, her fists are clenched, she's biting almost clean through her lower lip. She's in some major pain.

LOGAN

I know it hurts. I know it hurts. But it won't be long. Not long. Then all your pain will be over. I wish I could give you something stronger but I can't. You have to be alert. Oh, I wish you could hear me. GOD, GIVE THE EARS TO HEAR ME SO SHE KNOWS I DON'T WANT HER TO HURT SO!

DIESEL

Quiet!

LOGAN

Oh, yes. Quiet. Yes. We must be quiet.

263

EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

263

Suddenly, just in front of SPIDER, A ZOMBIE lunges from the underbrush, a civilian with no vest, its FACE BADLY DETERIORATED and one of its hands, lost during its human life, replaced by A MECHANICAL HOOK. SPIDER stumbles. Her eyes go wide, she holds her breath and stiffens all her muscles. Miraculously, the nitro vials inside her do not explode. DOC LOGAN throws himself Quixotically in front of the petrified woman, shouting at THE ZOMBIE the way an outraged evangelist might shout down an adulterer.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN

FALLEN ANGEL! FALLEN ANGEL! THIS
IS THE JUDGMENT DAY WHEN YOU WILL
BURN FOR YOUR SINS! THE LORD WILL
CAST YOU DOWN TO THE LOWER REACHES
AND YOU SHALL FOREVER KNOW...

264

EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

264

THWOCK! THE ZOMBIE'S STEEL HOOK SINKS DEEPLY INTO LOGAN'S
UPPER CHEST. His eyes reflect no immediate sensation. His
speech falters, but only slightly.

LOGAN

...SHALL FOREVER KNOW... YOU SHALL
FOREVER KNOW THE PAIN... THE
PAIN...

THE ZOMBIE is pulling LOGAN toward its DROOLING, WIDE OPEN
MOUTH. It's just about to bite when DIESEL comes up behind
and CHOPS HIS MACHETE SQUARELY INTO THE CENTER OF THE
CREATURE'S SKULL. THE THING FALLS, PULLING LOGAN, STILL
HOOKED, TO THE GROUND on top of it.

LOGAN

YOU SHALL... FOREVER KNOW... THE
PAIN... OF HELL... THE PAIN OF
HELL...

DIESEL FREES THE DOCTOR'S SHOULDER FROM THE HOOK. BLOOD
FLOWS FREELY. DIESEL grabs a handful of DRESSINGS from
LOGAN'S BACKPACK and he goes to work on the wound.

LOGAN

...the pain of Hell... the pain...
the pain...

265

EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

265

SPIDER stands where she stumbled. She ever-so-slowly moves
her hands up as close as she dares to her sweating face,
painfully sending a careful message in sign language.

DIESEL

Water. She wants water. Stand by
her, Jack.

JACK moves to SPIDER'S side, pulling A CANTEEN OFF HIS BELT.
Delicately, afraid to touch her, he moves the spout to her
lips. His hands are shaking, he's much more nervous than the
others. He let WATER dribble out in rough proximity to her
open mouth. She has to catch it with her tongue.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER ZOMBIE, a White Coat, suddenly looms up over JACK'S shoulder making A MOANING, HUNGRY SOUND. JACK jumps away, dropping his canteen. He is carrying SARAH'S AUTOMATIC RIFLE. He un-slings it from his shoulder, aims, and FIRES A LONG BURST.

266 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE COMMUNICATION ROOM VENTS - 266
NIGHT

CLOSE ON: LUKEY. He HEARS THE DISTANT GUNFIRE.

LUKEY

I sweah! I sweah dis a bad night!

He's wearing A HOSPITAL MASK and carrying A LEAF BAG stuffed with Datura blossoms. He hurries past BILL McDERMOTT AND MAPMAKER who have also heard the gunfire. Nearby, SARAH, with A PISTOL, stands with THE MAN AND WOMAN FROM THE NITRO CAVE while JOHN AND TOBY swing open THE RUSTED GRILLWORK OF A CAMOUFLAGED AIR VENT. The thing is huge. TOBY is able to swing his upper torso completely down inside.

267 INT. THE VENT - NIGHT 267

TOBY shines A FLASHLIGHT around inside the central shaft. He sees TWO LARGE METAL DUCTS, one with A PAINTED ARROW POINTING RIGHT, THE OTHER WITH AN ARROW POINTING LEFT. He reaches down to A LEVER which controls THE LOUVRES on the closet duct. He throws the lever back and the louvres open. He can HEAR THE RUSH OF AIR from inside.

TOBY

Okay. Lemme have 'em.

ONE LEAF BAG is passed in from above. It's mouth is open and A FEW BITS OF DATURA flutter out. They are sucked instantly in through the open louvres. FIXING HIS OWN HOSPITAL MASK tighter against his nose and mouth, TOBY pushes the mouth of the bag down against the louvres. BITS OF FLOWER AND POLLEN DUST FLY throughout the space, but most of the toxic stuff is sucked off into the duct.

(SPECIAL: INSIDE THE DUCT, we see THE DATURA whipping along at high speed. THE SOUND OF RUSHING AIR fills the shaft.)

THE PLASTIC BAG collapses, empty, against the louvres. TOBY peels it away and tosses it into the central chamber. Then he quickly, urgently, pulls himself up, straining, reaching.

TOBY

UP... GOTTA COME... UP...

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN'S STRONG HAND shoots down from above and grabs TOBY'S wrist.

268 EXT. THE JUNGLE AT THE VENTS - NIGHT 268

TOBY pulls THE MASK away from his face as he comes up into the fresh air.

TOBY
OH... JESUS... IT'S GETTIN'...
GETTIN' TO ME...
(He takes several deep
breaths, swallowing air,
drinking it.)
That shit... that shit'll get you
high, alright.

JOHN takes THE OTHER LEAF BAG from LUKEY and he swings down into the shaft this time.

269 INT. THE VENT - NIGHT 269

JOHN quickly spots THE OPEN LOUVRES, HEARS THE RUSH OF AIR. He presses the open mouth of HIS LEAF BAG against the opening.

(SPECIAL: INSIDE THE DUCT AGAIN, BITS OF THE DEVIL'S TRUMPET rush, like a swarm of deadly bees, through the metal shaft. At the end of that shaft, we see A LARGE GRILL, WITH FINE SCREENING stretched in front of its wider slits. THE DATURA INVADES THAT SCREEN, clinging to it, pushing against it, mounding up bigger, and bigger, and bigger.)

270 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT 270

CLOSE ON: A GRILL NEAR THE CEILING. It's the same grill we were just looking at from the other side. BITS OF TOXIC POLLEN and an occasional TINY PIECE OF FLOWER blow into the room.

THE CAMERA PANS away from the grill and over CONSOLES AND MONITOR BANKS of the communications room. There are SIX TECHNICIANS AND TWO SECURITY GUARDS posted at various stations. ONE OF THE RADIO MEN looks up.

RADIO MAN
(sniff)
What's that? Smell it?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN

Dunno. Orange blossoms maybe.
Must be comin' from outside. Kinda
nice.

Work goes on, for the moment undisturbed.

271

INT. ENTRANCE NUMBER SEVEN - NIGHT

271

CLOSE ON: AN OVERHEAD SIGN stenciled right on A SUPPORT BEAM. It reads EXIT #7. There are TWO GUARDS posted, one is eating from A CAN OF SPAM, the other is reading an old, dog-eared PLAYBOY. A RIFLE BARREL jabs suddenly into "Playboy's" back.

JULIE

Don't move.

It's JULIE GRANT, MARY'S disgruntled assistant. With her is TED FISHER, also a behavioralist. He levels a pistol on "Spam-man," moves in and takes away his weapons.

JULIE

Open the door. Move it!

"Playboy" slowly gets up and starts toward A CONTROL PANEL IN A LITTLE HALF-BOOTH, something like an engine-man's booth on a subway car. At the last minute, he spins around, shoving JULIE'S gun barrel away. He tries to run but TED FISHER CLOBBERS HIM with a baseball swing of "Spam-man's" RIFLE. The man collapses in a heap. FISHER keeps "Spam-man" covered while SARAH steps into the control booth. After a moment of examination, she trips A TOGGLE MARKED "LOCK" and pushes A LARGE GREEN BUTTON.

THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE SWINGS OUT WIDE. Beyond is blackness with just an occasional glimpse of MOONLIGHT ON JUNGLE GROWTH. THE NIGHT CRITTERS are in full voice, THEIR SOUND riding in on the wave of heat that suddenly invades the controlled environment. JULIE walks slowly, carefully, toward the opening.

Just as she is about to step out into the darkness, A HUGE FIGURE leaps at her, grabbing her RIFLE and enclosing her in a strangle hold. It's DIESEL, and he's holding her completely helpless. Beside him, JACK rushes in, his AUTOMATIC leveled off at TED FISHER.

"Spam-man" jumps to his feet and makes a break for it down the hall. Reacting nervously, too quickly, JACK FIRES.

272 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

272

THE MAN IS HIT SQUARELY IN THE BACK. RED HOLES appear in his stomach and, as he pitches forward, BLOOD FLIES OUT (and bits of Spam).

TED FISHER is caught gaping, confused. A scientist, his defense instincts are too slow.

FISHER
Hey! What the hell...

JACK FIRES ANOTHER LONG BURST AND FISHER'S ORANGE CIRCLE SUDDENLY SHOWS A DOTTED LINE OF DEEP RED. He flies back, his surprised expression never having a chance to change, and he flops on top of "Playboy," who is lying against the wall near the control booth.

273 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

273

LOGAN
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

THE DOC has stepped off the edge and is floating on air in a madman's bubble. He reminds us of a crazy John Huston as he staggers out of the night and into the open hallway.

JULIE
What... what is this? Who...?

It seems like a zombie at first, the suffering figure that's moving through the shadows, but after a moment we realize that it's the girl, SPIDER.

DIESEL
Cover her.

JACK moves in, his RIFLE leveled and his hands trembling. JULIE backs away from his muzzle and into the arms of the lunatic doctor.

LOGAN
It's alright, it's alright, my
dear. You've simply helped us to
do the Lord's work.

LOGAN'S SHOULDER WOUND IS BLEEDING THROUGH ITS DRESSINGS and he's sweating more than he was. He's trembling even more than JACK is, but it's a physical reaction not a nervous one. DIESEL has moved to SPIDER'S side.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

He helps her negotiate the last few yards into the opening.
As her face gets light, JULIE recognizes her.

JULIE
Spider! You told me no one would
be hurt. You told me...

JACK
Shut up! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

LOGAN
Bring me the child... into the
light here... and bring my bag.

DIESEL walks the pained and sweating SPIDER over close to THE DOCTOR who lets go of JULIE and quickly moves to open SPIDER'S shirt. JACK waves his shaky RIFLE, signaling JULIE away from the control panel over into the center of the hall.

274 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

274

LOGAN removes RED-SOAKED DRESSINGS from under SPIDER'S open shirt. All over her bare chest and upper belly we see LONG, EIGHT-INCH SCARS, hastily stitched with Frankenstein SUTURE SHOWING, grossly crosshatched. Beneath each, is A CIGAR-SHAPED BULGE, like the bulge of a pacemaker, where a vial of nitro has been implanted. The wounds are all OOZING BLOOD. The woman stands on crumbling legs, her arms opened outward, looking like a grotesque lampoon of a stigmatic.

LOGAN
God forgive us. Forgive us the
pain we inflict as surgeons.

JULIE
What... what is it? What have you
done to her?

LOGAN
We'll be in heaven, child. Soon
we'll be with Him, in heaven.

SPIDER
Na... na... ak... aaaaaaa

It takes LOGAN a moment to realize that SPIDER is trying to signal something. He looks over his shoulder. JACK is covering JULIE and DIESEL is hauling in THEIR PACKS so neither noticed that one of the guards, "PLAYBOY," having pulled himself out from under TED FISHER'S CORPSE, is crawling into the control booth.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN
NO YOU DON'T! NO YOU DON'T! I
CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT! I CAN'T!

LOGAN charges at THE GUARD, who crumples on the floor, half-in half-out of the booth. LOGAN starts to kick him, again and again.

JACK spins around. JULIE sees an opportunity. She tries to break past the rifleman but DIESEL grabs her from behind. She wrestles but the big man's grip is absolute.

JACK
Outta the way, Doc. Outta the way!

But LOGAN is still kicking at THE DOWNED GUARD, repeatedly, with vengeance in his face now. With a desperate lunge, THE GUARD pitches himself into the booth. LOGAN steps aside just as THE GUARD stands up to be seen, by JACK, through the side panel of glass. JACK FIRES.

275 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

275

THE GLASS SEEMS TO GO MILKY AS BULLETS TEAR THROUGH IT. Inside the booth, THE GUARD IS MORTALLY STRUCK BY SEVERAL ROUNDS. He bounces around in the little chamber. With his last conscious effort, he punches A RED ALARM BUTTON. The panel BUZZES and COLORED LIGHTS BLINK ON as THE GUARD falls, dead, to the floor.

Behind DIESEL, THE DOOR TO THE JUNGLE STARTS TO SWING CLOSED. DIESEL dives at it but even his great strength can't stop the steel slab. It SLAMS WITH A LOUD THUNNNG!!!

DOC LOGAN, his shoulder WOUND POURING BLOOD, aggravated by his physical exertion, collapses to the floor in a dead faint.

JACK
Shit!

DIESEL
Keep this woman covered and don't
take your eye off her this time.

JACK levels-off on JULIE again while DIESEL moves over to where SPIDER is standing, a perversion of a religious statue. Pulling fresh, thick DRESSINGS out of LOGAN'S BAG, the big man begins to pack them onto SPIDER'S BLEEDING CHEST.

276 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

276

CLOSE ON: A BLINKING RECTANGLE OF RED LIGHT. Written on its face is: ALARM - GATE 7. There's A BELL RINGING loudly in the room.

THE SHOT WIDENS and we see FIVE MEN, all slumped, unconscious, over their consoles, none able to react to the alarm.

ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS has made it to THE EXIT. He manages the COMPLICATED LATCH, he pushes the door open, then he falls to the floor and stays still.

A RADIO MAN staggers into A WEB OF JURY-RIGGED WIRES. He seems trapped there, like a fly in a real web. His arms wave around wildly as he gasps for air. Finally, he falls, pulling most of the wires down with him.

A third still-conscious man, THE OTHER SECURITY GUARD, is inching his hand toward A LEVER WITH A PROTECTIVE COVER. He flips that cover up and manages to get his fingers on the lever. He collapses then, falling to the floor with a great exhale of toxic breath. The falling action causes his fingers to pull on the lever...

A HUGE KLAXON SOUNDS. LIGHTS BLINK ON ALL THE SECURITY CONSOLES. ANOTHER RECTANGLE, huge over the doors, reads: GENERAL ALERT!

ON ONE OF THE VIDEO MONITORS at the security station we can see THE DESPERADOS, JACK, DIESEL, SPIDER AND LOGAN, reacting with surprise as they hear the alarm.

277 INT. GASPARILLA'S GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

277

The usual scene here, GASPARILLA AND HIS COURTESANS entertaining the NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN from the Doral Country Club. Drifting in over the LOUD ROCK MUSIC is THE SOUND OF THE KLAXON.

MARY HENRIED, a prisoner for the evening again, hears THE SOUND. Her eyes widen and she looks over at CAPTAIN RHODES. He, too, has heard. He jumps to his feet as THE PARTY-GOERS gradually fall silent.

RHODES

Don't be alarmed. We're
impregnable. Stay where you are.
Nothing will happen to any of you.
You're safe here. Men.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

The last word to A SMALL UNIT OF FOUR TROOPERS standing guard at THE EXIT. RHODES goes steaming out through the doors. TWO OF THE TROOPERS follow him. THE OTHER TWO pull THEIR RIFLES and take up posts just outside in the corridor. THE STEEL DOOR SLIDES SHUT, locking GASPARILLA AND HIS COURT inside the gymnasium, MARY HENRIED with them.

GASPARILLA
WELL, C'MON, LADIES AND GENTS. WHO
SAYS WE GOTTA LET OUR EVENIN' GET
SPOILED? SIMON SAYS... GET DOWN!!!

He's rocking his fat belly around in an attempt at dance, bumping and thrusting his pelvis repeatedly into A TOPLESS COURTESAN who giggles at his sweating attentions. OTHERS in the room gradually forget the alarm and soon the party is back to full swing. MARY is the only one who looks concerned.

278 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR ENTRANCE TWO - NIGHT

278

Even outside THE KLAXON CAN BE HEARD, less distinctly but unmistakable. TOBY AND THE REBELS are stopped by THE SOUND. TOBY has just opened ANOTHER CAMOUFLAGED VENTILATION GRILL and LUKEY is standing by with ANOTHER BAGFUL of knockout-weed.

TOBY
That's the general alarm. Jesus!
They musta gotten in!

JOHN
What you wanna do?

TOBY
We can't wait for another dose o'
this stuff to take effect. Maybe I
can get the guards to open up for
me.

JOHN
With an alert on?

TOBY
That might help. If the radio
room's down everybody's bound to be
pretty confused.

279 INT. ENTRANCE NUMBER TWO - NIGHT

279

CLOSE ON: A CIRCULAR LIGHT BLINKING GREEN with A BUZZING SOUND.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

There are TWO GUARDS at this entrance as at the others we've seen. These are looking at A VIDEO SCREEN WHICH SHOWS TOBY TYLER AND LUKEY holding GUNS on MAPMAKER, McDERMOTT AND NITRO-WOMAN.

GUARD
(into intercom)
What's goin' on?

TOBY (FILTER)
(on video)
LET US IN. THERE'S BEEN A
REVOLT... AT STALAG SEVENTEEN...
THERE'S REBELS CRAWLIN' EVERYWHERE!

GUARD
Who are you?

GUARD #2
I know him. That's Tyler.

TOBY (FILTER)
FER CHRISSAKE! LEMME IN, DAMMIT!
LEMME IN!

THE FIRST GUARD hits A BUTTON and THE BIG STEEL ENTRANCE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. THE REBELS storm in like an ocean wave, taking THE HAPLESS GUARDS completely by surprise. TOBY knocks ONE unconscious with his PISTOL BUTT. SARAH attacks THE OTHER, kicking him squarely in the balls. As he crumples, NITRO-MAN grabs his AUTOMATIC.

Soon, THE REBELS have taken FOUR NEW WEAPONS, A PISTOL AND A RIFLE from each downed GUARD. They drag the unconscious bodies out into the jungle and TOBY pushes THE BUTTON in the booth which causes THE STEEL DOOR TO SWING SHUT AGAIN.

TOBY then leads HIS BAND toward A DOOR IN THE CORRIDOR WALL, about a hundred yards from the entrance. They all run through this door.

280 INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT - NIGHT

280

THE REBELS find themselves in ONE OF THE WORK SHAFTS making up the network that TOBY spoke of earlier. It's narrow with BARE PIPES overhead. THE GROUP is forced to run single-file, the tallest ones ducking. They move, as fast as they can, deep into the heart of the complex, deep into GASPARILLA'S CAVE.

281 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

281

JULIE GRANT has been ROPE-TIED to AN EYELET IN THE WALL opposite the control booth. JACK is nearby, shifting SUPPLIES from PACK to PACK so that he only needs to carry one.

DIESEL sets down A PISTOL AND A BOX OF AMMO beside DOC LOGAN, who is sitting on the floor beside the control booth, beside THE CORPSES OF TED FISHER AND MR. "PLAYBOY," having difficultly catching his breath. His WOUND has turned his ENTIRE FRONT RED.

DIESEL
You'd hold us back. You
understand? We have to go on.

LOGAN
(gasp)
HMMMMM? Oh, yes. Go on.

SPIDER, her shirt buttoned again over her new dressing, is carefully signing with her fingers as she did before. This time DIESEL reads.

DIESEL
Maps. Yes. She was supposed to
bring us maps.

JACK steps over to JULIE. He bends down and feels around her pockets. He finds TWO MAPS showing complete layouts of The Cave.

DIESEL
Alright. Let's go.

They move out, DIESEL supporting SPIDER, JACK with his RIFLE ready.

282 INT. A SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

282

TOBY breaks open A CARTON and starts to pull GAS MASKS out. He passes them back to BILL McDERMOTT AND SARAH.

283 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

283

THE REBELS, all wearing GAS MASKS, enter the room. TOBY moves right toward AN INTERCOM CONSOLE, McDERMOTT follows. JOHN AND NITRO-MAN drag THE UNCONSCIOUS BODY OF THE SECURITY GUARD who made it to the exit back inside the room. Then they shut the door behind them.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY has punched-in a code on THE INTERCOM transmitter. He's waiting for a response.

TOBY
Come on, Mary. Answer. ANSWER!

284 INT. MARY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT 284

INSERT: The place is empty. The INTERCOM IS BUZZING.

285 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT 285

TOBY
Shit!

He punches in another code. This time, after a moment, THE VOICE OF TRICKS comes over THE SPEAKER.

TRICKS (O.S. - FILTER)
Yeah.

TOBY
Tricks, it's Tyler. We're inside.

TRICKS (O.S. - FILTER)
What? Was that you set off the alert?

TOBY
No. There's some loonies from the outside. They're gonna try to blow the powder magazine.

TRICKS (O.S. - FILTER)
Where are you? What's the plan?

TOBY
Find Mary. If you can get any help, do it. We'll be at the electrical room behind the mainframe in...
(he checks his watch)
...four minutes. We'll be at the cages in the Dorm in... eight minutes... and we're gonna haul ass outta exit five... exit five in twelve... say fifteen minutes. You can hook up with us at any of those places. The sooner the better.

TRICKS (O.S. - FILTER)
I think I can get a couple guys.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

And Mary! You gotta find Mary!

TRICKS (O.S. - FILTER)

I'll try Tob. I'm outta here.

There's A CLICK, then STATIC indicates that TRICKS has switched off. TOBY levels his AUTOMATIC off at the intercom console. He starts to FIRE WILDLY, SPARKS FLY, CHUNKS OF METAL AND WOOD SHOOT OFF in every direction.

MCDERMOTT

HEY! HOLD ON! HOLD ON! Your
wastin' yer ammunition! Look here.
Hit her in here... then around
back... in the circuit boards.

He walks around the console pointing to the "kill-zones."
TOBY levels off again. BULLETS FLY. MORE SPARKS DANCE as
THE UNIT BREAKS APART.

MCDERMOTT

(shouting)

AND OVER HERE... THE ALARM SYSTEMS.
SOME OF THEM SHOW LOCATIONS. WE
SHOULD KNOCK 'EM OUT. THESE
CENTRAL PANELS HERE... THESE
CIRCUITS.

SARAH AND NITRO-MAN step up BLASTING. MORE SPARKS, a
profusion this time, as the alarm systems seem to explode.
Suddenly, A COLLECTION OF RED LIGHTS START TO BLINK URGENTLY.
A BELL SOUNDS. THE LARGE RECTANGLE OVER THE EXIT IS
FLASHING: EVACUATE! EVACUATE! EVACUATE!

MCDERMOTT

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!
(he slugs from his flask)
By blowin' the alarm panels... we
signaled an... Evac!

286

INT. CORRIDORS IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

286

MONTAGE: A LOUD BUZZING IS HEARD as DOORS OPEN. Some slide,
some swing back, some roll up. TROOPERS, caught trotting
through the halls, are surprised as DOORS OPEN WIDE all
around them.

287 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT 287

RHODES looks this way and that, as ONE DOOR OPENS AND THEN ANOTHER. BUZZING fills the hallway as he and HIS PATROL, now numbering EIGHT SOLDIERS, stop in their tracks.

RHODES
Evacuation! What is this?

288 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT 288

THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE SWINGS OPEN. JULIE GRANT looks over to DOC LOGAN who kicks aside THE PISTOL left by DIESEL when he tries to get to his feet. He supports himself against the wall beside the CONTROL BOOTH. He reaches inside and pushes BUTTONS. THE OUTER DOOR remains open.

Deep in the shadows outside, barely visible in THE DIM BLUE MOONLIGHT, JULIE sees the hulking shapes of TWO ZOMBIES. They are hesitantly approaching the LIGHT, approaching the open entranceway.

JULIE
Those buttons won't work. The
evacuation overrides them.

289 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT 289

McDERMOTT is explaining to THE OTHERS.

McDERMOTT
All the doors in The Cave are gonna
spring open... all the ones that
work on electric. It's so
nobody'll get trapped anywhere.

290 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT 290

LOGAN stares dumbly, without comprehending, at THE ZOMBIES which are lurching slowly forward out of the night.

JULIE
Cut me loose. Please. You gotta
cut me loose. You got to... YOU
GOT TOOOOOO!!!!

291 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 291

THE CENTRAL HALLWAY DOORS on both ends SWING OPEN with LOUD, ECHOING THUNNNNGS!!!

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE LATCHES ON THE CELL DOORS CLICK. With BUZZING, MOTOR NOISES, THE DOORS OPEN OUTWARD. THE ARMY OF RED COATS marches out into the hall. We might recognize TONTO... BLUTO... SAMSON...

We certainly recognize big BUB.

292 INT. A HOLDING PEN IN THE CAVE - NIGHT 292

We see A LARGE HOLDING PEN. It's GATE IS MOVING UPWARD on tracks. From inside, MOANING HUNGRILY, come FORTY OR FIFTY ZOMBIES, BLUE COATS AND WHITES.

GUARDS outside the pen start to panic. TWO flee into the Cave. TWO OTHERS OPEN FIRE, but after a moment they, too, run away.

THE ZOMBIES are out! Free to find their own suppers.

293 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 293

THE DOORS here have opened, too. THE CROWD, HEARING THE EVACUATION SIGNAL, is panicking. MANY are running out past THE TWO GUARDS and down the hallways. GASPARILLA is trying to reinstate calm.

GASPARILLA
SETTLE DOWN! SETTLE DOWN! STAY IN
HERE! JUST STAY PUT! WE'LL BE
ALRIGHT! WE'RE SAFE HERE! WE'RE
JUST AS SAFE HERE AS ANYWHERE 'TIL
WE FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON!

MARY HENRIED, taking advantage of the confusion, is able to slip out behind TWO COUNCILMEN AND THEIR LADY-FRIENDS.

294 INT. NURSERY CORRIDOR - NIGHT 294

THE HALLWAY IS CHAOS. TROOPERS run by, in both directions, trying to find a command. Crazy CITIZENS flee, also in both directions. MARY HENRIED is stopped by A NURSE standing in AN OPEN DOORWAY.

NURSE
What is it? What's going on?

MARY
It's an evacuation signal. The
radios are out. People are
panicking.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

What should we do?

THE NURSE looks behind her, into A ROOM. When her body turns profile, clearing the view, MARY sees A GROUP OF CHILDREN, a dozen or so, ranging from twelve years old down to infancy. Some are crying.

MARY

God. I, er... I dunno what to say. It could be an evacuation or it could be the system's been glitched somehow. Wait here for now. I'll... I'll make sure you get the word what to do, okay.

NURSE

Please... hurry...

MARY takes off down the hall.

295

INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

295

CLOSE ON: JULIE GRANT'S FACE. She is screaming wildly, on the brink of insanity. THE ZOMBIES have reached her. They've started to pull at her arms, her legs. ONE BITES HER HAND, THEN HER ARM. THE OTHER lifts her leg and BITES A CHUNK OUT OF THE CALF.

A FEW MORE OF THE CREATURES are shambling out of the jungle now, hesitantly approaching the OPEN DOOR.

DOC LOGAN is watching from THE CONTROL BOOTH, all the while fiddling with BUTTONS AND DIALS AND LEVERS.

LOGAN

We'll be in Heaven soon. We'll all be in Heaven soon.
(Julie's screams penetrate the fog in his brain. He frowns.)
Pain. God forgive the pain inflicted by surgeons. We must atone. We must... atone for our... sins.

His eye has been attracted to A LARGE LEVER, up high off the CONTROL PANEL, seemingly separate from everything else. It's marked: SIREN. He pulls the lever.

LOGAN

We must... atone. We must.

296 EXT. THE SIREN HORN - NIGHT 296

Slowly, THE THROATY WAIL RISES and calls out over the jungle... it's the "Feeding Signal."

297 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT 297

MONTAGE: as everywhere in the jungle, ZOMBIES turn toward THE SOUND and start to walk, walk toward the siren, walk toward the place where there is food.

298 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT 298

JULIE is still screaming wildly. THE TWO ZOMBIES ARE TEARING APART HER ARM AND HER LEG AND EATING THE PIECES HUNGRILY.

DOC LOGAN, kicking THE PISTOL again, sending it sliding across the floor, staggers over toward the screaming woman. He flops down on the floor next to her. He tries to catch her writhing body in his weak arms. He grabs her head. She is wrenching this way and that, her screams are ear-torturing soprano rasps. THE ZOMBIES still pull at her free arm, her free leg, while LOGAN pulls her head the other way, into his madman's embrace.

LOGAN

WE WILL BE IN HEAVEN THIS DAY! WE
WILL ATONE. WE WILL BE THE
SACRIFICE... THE COMMUNION... WE
OFFER OURSELVES UP... OUR BODIES
AND OUR SOULS.

JULIE GRANT finally loses consciousness. SEVERAL OTHER ZOMBIES have pressed in. They're reaching for LOGAN now, clutching at his legs, pulling him toward them. He looks up. Something inside him clicks and he realizes what's happening. He starts to scream. He lets go of JULIE'S BODY and his hands find THE PISTOL on the floor beside him, where he accidentally kicked it.

ONE ZOMBIE TAKES A BIT OUT OF LOGAN'S LEFT LEG. He shrieks and brings up the PISTOL, FIRING. THE FIRST SHOT RIPS OPEN THE CREATURE'S SKULL, THE NEXT FIVE SHOTS ARE WASTED, FIRED WILDLY. The gun CLICKS emptily as THE ZOMBIES engulf him, TEARING, BITING, EATING HIM ALIVE.

MORE ZOMBIES are walking in out of the jungle... a lot more... all called by the SIREN which still wails. In waves they enter the hallway, enter The Cave, looking for food.

299 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

299

TRICKS is running through the hall with TWO BUDDIES. They're armed but in their uniforms, not suspicious to OTHERS who run by them.

MARY HENRIED jumps out of the crowd grabbing TRICKS.

MARY

Tricks! What's going on?

TRICKS

Mary. Toby's in The Cave. We're gonna make our move. There's rebels out to blow the powder magazine.

Shock washes across MARY'S face. She looks back over her shoulder in the direction she came from.

TRICKS

Come on. Come with us.

MARY

Where are you goin' out?

TRICKS

Exit five.

MARY

See ya there.

She turns away and starts back down the hall. TRICKS trots in the opposite direction, calling over his shoulder.

TRICKS

NINE MINUTES, MARY. EXACTLY NINE MINUTES!

300 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER OF THE CAVE - NIGHT

300

RHODES AND HIS EIGHT TROOPERS turn a corner and there, before them, is a sight out of Dracula's Tomb. Moving their way, through the lava-stone arches, between the giant earthen pillars, is ARMY OF BLUES AND WHITES. The creatures are MOANING IN ONE VOICE and, as the voice of Fort Meyers' dead echoed and spiraled through the city caverns, THIS VOICE REBOUNDS TWISTS around the pillars and through the entire belly of the island-wide Cave. The place looks now, where it might not have earlier, like an enormous tomb, and its dead have risen.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

RHODES AND HIS MEN can't possibly fight through THE ZOMBIES. There are too many. RHODES spots A DOOR WITH A CAGED RED LIGHT OVERHEAD. They can get to it by slicing through only SEVEN OR EIGHT OF THE ADVANCING GHOULS

RHODES
OVER HERE! SHOOT THEM! SHOOT TO
KILL! IN THE HEAD! IN THE HEAD!

Most of THE MEN start off behind RHODES but TWO OF THE TROOPERS panic. They back away in the opposite direction. RHODES aims his RIFLE at them.

RHODES
GET UP HERE OR I'LL CUT YOU INTO
PIECES AND SERVE YOU TO THOSE
THINGS MYSELF!

THE MEN hesitate, but just for a moment. They move up to join THE OTHERS. RHODES leads THE PATROL, on the double, toward that door he spotted. THEIR RIFLES BLAZE as they drive through the edge of the ZOMBIE HORDE.

301

INT. MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

301

SEVERAL ZOMBIES go down, THEIR HEADS BLASTED OPEN BY RAPID-FIRE ROUNDS. OTHERS push through, stumbling over their destroyed brothers. ONE GRABS RHODES by the sleeve of his jacket. THE CAPTAIN turns on his heels and stares at the thing with a kind of outraged disbelief on his face. Then he raises his MAGNUM and PUMPS TWO QUICK SHELLS INTO THE CREATURE'S BRAIN.

THE TROOPERS BAT THEIR WEAPONS AT ZOMBIES and push them aside. MORE CREATURES ARE SHOT DOWN. THE PLATOON finally reaches THE DOOR. RHODES holds it open while THE MEN run inside. Holstering his PISTOL, THE CAPTAIN unslings his AUTOMATIC. Selecting A FEW OF THE CLOSEST ZOMBIES, he aims AND FIRES with a look of enjoyment on his face. For a moment he resembles DOC LOGAN, madness bristles inside him.

THE ZOMBIES FALL, THEIR HEADS SHATTERED. ONE OF HIS MEN, from inside the doorway, calls to RHODES.

TROOPER
Captain... CAPTAIN...

Finally, RHODES comes down off his blood-lust high. He stares at the advancing creatures for a moment more, his expression changing to a scowl of utter contempt. HE FIRES another quick burst, then he turns and moves through the doorway.

302 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

302

CLOSE ON: SPIDER'S FACE. She is walking along, slowly, careful to avoid jolts from too-heavy footfalls, supported under her arms by the giant DIESEL. JACK moves with them, still as nervous as before, made irritated by the need to move so slowly. PEOPLE run past, some nearly colliding with SPIDER. DIESEL flings them out of the way with his powerful free arm.

SPIDER'S running a river of sweat. She's trembling and she has bitten through her lip causing BLOOD to run down her chin. The front of her shirt is starting to show BLOODSTAINS, eight... ten... twelve of them, growing in size as BLOOD SEEPS INTO THE CLOTH, over the spots where the nitro vials have been implanted.

Suddenly, from around a corner in the corridor, A TROOP OF SOLDIERS comes trotting. THE REBELS try not to react hoping they can "cool" their way by in the midst of all the confusion, but JACK looks about as cool as King Kong with a hernia and SPIDER, her stigmata bleeding, is not about to go unnoticed. The troop commander, A SERGEANT, stops and stares. TWO OF HIS MEN stop beside him. DIESEL reacts quickly.

DIESEL

She's been shot. Back there. They broke in at number seven...

SERGEANT

Hey! Hold on there...

The ruse has provided enough time for DIESEL to guide SPIDER around the corner. THE SOLDIERS move to follow but JACK spins and OPENS FIRE.

303 INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

303

THE SERGEANT GOES DOWN ALONG WITH ONE OF HIS MEN. A gunfight erupts as THE REST OF THE PATROL comes back down the hall. TWO CIVILIANS, unwittingly caught in the crossfire, ARE SHOT DOWN. JACK flees, pursued by A HAIL OF BULLETS. A RED LINE CUTS ACROSS HIS BACK and he falls forward out of sight around the corner.

304 INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

304

JACK flops onto his belly, involuntarily FIRING HIS GUN. ANOTHER CIVILIAN IS HIT right beside DIESEL who, checking THE MAP IN HIS HAND, is about to move into A DOORWAY, one of several in the area.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

DIESEL looks up to see his friend crawling across the floor. He tucks the map into his belt, pulls the PISTOL, and FIRES, HITTING JACK IN THE HEAD. Then he opens the door and guides SPIDER inside.

305 INT. ANOTHER MAINTENANE SHAFT - NIGHT 305

SPIDER AND DIESEL are in a long workman's shaft, part of the same network that TOBY is using for travel. The giant shoulders his RIFLE again and he scoops the small, trembling woman up into his arms, firmly but gently. He moves as smoothly as he can, down the shaft and around a bend. THE SOUND OF DISTANT GUNFIRE CAN BE HEARD... AND ANOTHER SOUND AS WELL... THE ECHOING MOAN OF THE HUNGRY DEAD.

306 INT. THE ELECTRICAL ROOM - NIGHT 306

CLOSE ON: AUTOMATICS SPITTING LEAD. TOBY AND SARAH ARE FIRING into a bank of elaborate ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT, the governor panels that control the computer power. THE PANELS BREAK APART AND SPARKS FILL THE SMALL ROOM. A FIRE STARTS.

MCDERMOTT
ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! GET THE BACK-
UPS. OVER HERE!

THE RIFLES aim where McDERMOTT points and RATTATATTATATTATATTATATT! THE BACK-UPS ARE BLOWN APART.

307 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT 307

Meanwhile, JOHN leads THE OTHER REBELS out into a hallway. They break across to the opposite wall where A DOOR opens back into the work-shaft network. MAPMAKER AND LUKEY make it through before A PATROL OF SOLDIERS appears in the main corridor. A GUNFIGHT ENSUES.

308 INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 308

TWO SOLDIERS GO DOWN. JOHN IS WOUNDED IN HIS SHOULDER. NITRO-MAN IS HIT BY A LINE OF BULLETS AND HE FLIES BACK DEAD.

TOBY, SARAH AND McDERMOTT appear in the doorway. They join the fight. JOHN AND NITRO-WOMAN break across to the shaft door.

MCDERMOTT
OXYGEN TANKS! OVER THERE!

He points toward A GLASS ENCASED CABINET mounted in the wall between them and THE SOLDIERS. TOBY AND SARAH train their WEAPONS on the cabinet which contains SEVERAL EMERGENCY OXYGEN TANKS.

309 INT. THE CORRIDOR - NIGHT 309

KA-BALL-00000000000M!!!! AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE CORRIDOR AND A BALL OF FIRE MUSHROOMS, filling the space.

THE REBELS break across the hall. SARAH stops long enough to PUMP SEVERAL BULLETS INTO NITRO MAN'S HEAD, then she follows the others into the maintenance shaft.

310 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 310

CLOSE ON: GASPARILLA'S PUDGY HANDS. He's desperately trying to raise somebody, anybody, on THE GYMNASIUM INTERCOM. All around him people are panicking. THE TWO GUARDS AT THE DOORWAY are getting more nervous by the minute. SEVERAL MORE COUNCILMEN flee through the WIDE-OPEN EXIT.

A SCREAM GOES UP. A WOMAN near the exit has spotted something in the hallway. THE GUARDS panic now. ONE OPENS FIRE. THE OTHER tries to pull THE SLIDING DOORS out of their sunken slots in the wall. He can't get a grip. The doors are out of reach.

311 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE GYMNASIUM (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 311

Shuffling down the hall is A MASS OF CIVILIAN ZOMBIES, the ones who came in through Entrance Seven answering the call of the siren. Their voices ECHO THROUGH THE HALL IN A GROTESQUE HARMONY that has become familiar as the song of the living dead.

312 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT 312

THE FAT GENERAL pulls away from the radio and pokes his head out through the doorway. He stares down the hall for a moment, his eyes widening with fear. He draws A PISTOL from A HOLSTER he wears. Without warning, HE SHOOTS THE GUARD who is working on closing the doors. He falls on top of him, ripping off the man's ORANGE CIRCLE VEST and snatching up his AUTOMATIC.

OTHER COUNCILMEN, seeing the danger advancing toward them, fall on THE OTHER GUARD, desperately trying to get his VEST. None of the party-goers in the gymnasium are wearing vests.

313 INT. A CORRIDOR NEAR THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 313

MARY AND THE NURSE are running along with THE CHILDREN from the nursery. THE NURSE and TWO OLDER CHILDREN carry THE INFANTS, THE OTHER SEVEN CHILDREN trot along on their own.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, from out of A DOORWAY, comes CAPTAIN RHODES, with his STORM TROOPERS behind him.

RHODES
HENRIED! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Without answering, MARY leads HER BAND through A MANUAL DOOR that leads to the DORMITORY.

RHODES
STOP THEM! SHOOT!

SOLDIER
The... the children, sir?

RHODES
After them then! I want them
stopped! That woman's dangerous!

314 THE HALLWAYS OUTSIDE THE DORMITORY - NIGHT 314

MARY AND HER REFUGEES are stopped in their tracks by BUB AND HIS CADRE OF RED COATS. THE NURSE screams and tries to back away. THE CHILDREN cling to her, petrified, shrieking, starting to cry.

BUB lumbers up to MARY and... salutes. MARY returns the formality.

MARY
It's alright. I don't think
they'll hurt you. Try to stay
calm. Come, come...

315 INT. THE CORRIDOR WITH RHODES - NIGHT 315

THE MANUAL DOOR which MARY'S band escaped through has been locked from the inside.

RHODES
SHOOT IT OPEN! BREAK IT DOWN!

THE SOLDIERS follow orders, TWO OF THEM FIRING AT THE LOCK.

316 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT 316

MARY is at A CABINET pulling out PISTOLS AND RIFLES, passing THE WEAPONS around to TONTO, BLUTO, SAMSON.

BUB, the most dexterous of the Red Coats, is strapping on his TWO-GUN HOLSTER BELT all by himself, fumbling a little but succeeding.

317 INT. THE CORRIDOR WITH RHODES - NIGHT 317

RHODES' MEN, having blown the lock, kick open the door and charge into the Dormitory hallway.

318 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT 318

THE NURSE slams ANOTHER MANUAL DOOR, locking it and bolting it shut.

NURSE

They're coming! They're coming!

THE NURSE hurries along the caged alley behind the firing stalls, guiding the children to the opposite exit.

CLOSE ON A PISTOL: BLAM!!! BLAM!!! MARY IS FIRING at AN ORANGE CIRCLE VEST. THE RED COATS, standing around in the stalls, are watching with curiosity, cocking their heads. MARY goes to fire again but TONTO grabs her hand.

MARY

NO... TONTO... YOU'RE... I'M TRYING
TO SHOW YOU...

But the dumb creature keeps his grip. He wants to shake. MARY has to appease him. She grasps his hand and shakes vigorously. He finally lets go and she aims her PISTOL again at THE VEST which is mounted ONE OF THOSE POP-UP, HUMAN-SHAPED TARGETS.

MARY

Look. It's good to shoot the
circles. Good. Good.

SHE FIRES SEVERAL MORE ROUNDS. THE ZOMBIES are obviously confused, looking at MARY, then back at the vest. Exasperated, MARY tears off her own VEST and holds it away from her. THE ZOMBIES MOAN AND GROWL now. They really look befuddled, and a little angry. MARY moves the VEST on and off her chest several times. Then she tosses the thing down into the shooting alley. SHE FIRES AT IT.

TWO BULLETS HIT TRUE and THE VEST skitters further away... but MARY'S PISTOL is empty.

There's A POUNDING AT THE DOOR. It's RHODES AND HIS TROOPERS!

319 INT. THE DOOR OUTSIDE THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT 319

RHODES' MEN have reached the locked door and heard the firing from inside. RHODES steps aside for HIS MEN to go to work.

RHODES
LET'S GO! BLAST IT OPEN!

THEY OPEN FIRE ON THE LOCK.

320 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT 320

THE NURSE is panicking. She shoves THE CHILDREN ahead of her out the opposite door. THE SOUND OF THE TROOPERS' BULLETS AGAINST THE STEEL DOOR ECHOES. MARY moves to retreat...

BLUTO reaches out, stopping her. His big hand, its fingers clutching explores her chest which bears no circle now. The big monster claws at her LAB COAT and growls, his teeth drooling. THE OTHER ZOMBIES seem stirred-up as well, their voices getting louder. MARY backs away, afraid now. BLUTO stays on her.

Suddenly, BUB steps into the shooting stall. WHAP! One of his famous quick-draws! BLAM!!! HE FIRES.

THE VEST ON THE FLOOR, MARY'S VEST, IS HIT. BUB FIRES AGAIN, the other gun this time. THE VEST ON THE TARGET IS HIT square in the enter of its orange circle.

TONTO now turns. He lifts his PISTOL and SHOOTS. THE VEST ON THE TARGET IS HIT AGAIN, off center this time, but hit.

MARY
THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

Suddenly, THE DOOR at the end of the range FLIES OPEN. THREE TROOPERS rush in wearing, of course, ORANGE CIRCLES. THE RED COATS OPEN FIRE.

321 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT 321

THE TROOPERS ARE CUT TO RIBBONS. OTHER, outside the door, duck back behind the walls.

MARY
GO GET 'EM, PARDNERS! GIVE 'EM
HELL!

322 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

322

THE ZOMBIES KEEP ON FIRING as they move lumberingly toward the open doorway, toward RHODES and his patrol. BUB replaces the spent shells in his PISTOLS and slaps the guns back into his holster. He looks up. MARY is backing away toward the door where THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN exited. BUB watches her go, cocking his head. He calls her with a deep, guttural, pleading groan. When she looks back at him, he snaps off another of his military salutes. MARY salutes back. There are tears in her eyes.

323 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

323

A WOMAN'S FACE IS FULL SCREEN. She is screamingly insanely. THE ZOMBIES have invaded. They're clawing at THE FAT-CAT COUNCILORS, MAULING THEIR WOMEN. GASPARILLA AND TWO OTHER MEN are rolling around crazily, bumping into EXERCISE MACHINES, knocking over WINE BOTTLES AND TABLES FULL OF HORS D'OEUVRES. THE VEST, the single vest they are fighting over, rips apart into two pieces, its ORANGE CIRCLE severed into two halves.

GASPARILLA backs away across the floor, his blubber bouncing. He has a tattered piece of the vest clutched in his hands. He tries to hold it up and spread it out on his chest, but it's too late... and THE ZOMBIES are too hungry, much too hungry.

ALL OVER THE ROOM, THE ZOMBIES STRIKE!

MONTAGE: This is it, gore fans. The gross finale. The intestine-tugger. GASPARILLA AND HIS COURT GET TORN TO SHREDS AS THE ZOMBIES GET THEIR LONG-AWAITED SUPPER. THE CREATURES FEAST AMONG THE PILLOWS, looking like Romans at an orgy. MUSIC still plays over the gymnasium speaker system... rockabilly in a gleeful tempo.

324 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER OF THE CAVE - NIGHT

324

DIESEL GUIDES SPIDER through the huge earthen archways of the gigantic chamber. THE ZOMBIES in here are scattered now, but they provide for delays. DIESEL FIRES this way and that.

ZOMBIES ARE HIT but few are hit fatally. DIESEL'S free arm can't aim the RIFLE carefully enough while he is still trying to support the walking-bomb beside him, keep her on her feet.

They move through A STORAGE AREA. DIESEL stops firing for a moment, slinging his RIFLE and pulling THE MAP from his belt.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

He sees what he needs to see on the map but just as he's tucking it away again, he is grabbed from behind by A WHITE COAT ZOMBIE.

325 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

325

THE CREATURE TAKES A HUGE BITE OUT OF DIESEL'S SHOULDER, SHIRT-FABRIC AND FLESH COME AWAY INTO THE THING'S MOUTH. DIESEL screams. He lets go of SPIDER. She stumbles away from him, backwards, almost falling over but saving herself. Her eyes are bugging.

DIESEL holds out the map, getting it closer to SPIDER'S hands. The woman takes it dumbly. Then DIESEL swings all his weight at THE ATTACKING ZOMBIE, knocking it flying.

326 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER - NIGHT

326

MORE CREATURES are pressing in, getting close. DIESEL SHOOTS AT THEM but after A FEW SHORT BURSTS his AUTOMATIC is empty. He BATS AT THE CLOSEST ZOMBIE and it flies back. He kicks ANOTHER, punches A THIRD, then he pulls his PISTOL. He rushes to SPIDER'S side and scoops her into his arms again. He winces in pain from THE BLEEDING WOUND IN HIS SHOULDER but he manages to move out of immediate danger, away from the closest ZOMBIES.

327 INT. THE CORRIDOR NEAR EXIT FIVE - NIGHT

327

MARY, THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN come charging down the hall. TOBY, SARAH AND JOHN are waiting for them near the OPEN DOOR which leads out into the jungle. TOBY AND MARY rush into each other's arms.

328 INT. A CORRIDOR NEAR THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

328

RHODES AND HIS MEN rush into another corridor where they are met by A CROWD OF DROOLING ZOMBIES. THE MEN OPEN FIRE but the range is too close. ZOMBIES get the upper hand, grabbing the TROOPERS, overwhelming them.

SEVERAL MEN ARE BITTEN, RHODES FIRES HIS MAGNUM, his eyes insane, his face boiling red with disbelief and rage. After a FEW SHOTS, which BLAST OPEN THE HEADS OF THE CLOSEST ZOMBIE, the Magnum just CLICK-CLICK-CLICKS! RHODES is out of lead.

He's grabbed by ONE ZOMBIE, THEN ANOTHER. He fights to free himself but he's BITTEN... ONCE... TWICE...

BLEEDING, RHODES fights on. Suddenly, ANOTHER PATROL comes trotting into the hallway led by CARTER, RHODES' goon.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE FRESH TROOPS OPEN FIRE on the marauding creatures, knocking them back.

CARTER
Jesus... you been bitten... you're
bitten... Jesus!

RHODES
I'M ALRIGHT... I'M ALRIGHT... THIS
WAY, MEN... THIS WAY...

RHODES starts back the way he came. SOME MEN follow but OTHERS, panicking, split off in the opposite direction away from THE ZOMBIES. RHODES grabs AN AUTOMATIC from A SOLDIER. HE OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEEING MEN.

THE ZOMBIES are pushing in very close again. THE TROOPERS are wild with fear. They push through the doorway where RHODES is standing and THE CAPTAIN is knocked to the floor. He is trampled and kicked as THE TROOPERS run past him, over him.

CARTER is grabbed by A ZOMBIE AND BITTEN. OTHER CREATURES push in and THEY START TO PULL HIM APART. His screams fill the hallway.

RHODES manages to crawl out of the pathway. Just as he is scrambling to his feet, he looks up and sees, standing in the hallway in front of him, BUB, THE RED COAT. His hands are at his sides, ready to draw those SIX-GUNS of his. He is staring at RHODES. TROOPERS thunder past THE BIG ZOMBIE but he pays them no mind. He's picked his target.

RHODES
SHOOT IT! SHOOT IT! THE RED COAT!
COME BACK, MEN! COME BACK! SHOOT
THAT RED COAT!

But nobody responds. RHODES has lost his RIFLE. He starts to back away. BUB walks calmly after him. RHODES turns to run. BUB draws and FIRES. RHODES turns a corner but ONE BULLET BITES HIM IN THE BACK OF HIS SHOULDER. Terrified, fighting pain, he staggers on with THE GUN-TOTIN' RED COAT FOLLOWING BEHIND.

329 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

329

THE REBELS LEAD MARY, THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN through the underbrush. MAPMAKER AND TRICKS ARE WOUNDED AND BLEEDING BADLY. They are being helped along by JOHN AND BILL McDERMOTT. LUKEY AND NITRO-WOMAN are leading the way, using one of MAPMAKER'S CHARTS.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, as they go crashing through a clearing, SARAH stops cold. There on the ground, lying where we last saw it, is THE CORPSE OF MIGUEL. VULTURES ARE PICKING AT IT'S STUMP OF AN ARM.

TOBY

What is it?

SARAH

It's... he was... one who came to the island with me...

TOBY

Come on. No time.

SARAH

He was killed... five days ago.

This stops some of the others. They gather around the corpse.

MARY

Maybe... maybe he wasn't dead. Are you sure he was dead when you left him.

SARAH

Look at him. A hundred bullets. You tell me. Was he dead?

There are tears in SARAH'S eyes.

SARAH

Five days... and he hasn't... risen. He hasn't risen.

TOBY

Come on. There's no time. There's no time to lose.

THE GROUP pushes ahead. SARAH kneels down. She blesses herself and makes the sign of the cross over THE CORPSE. Then she hurries to catch the others.

330 EXT. THE BACKWATER - NIGHT

330

THE SOLDIERS ABOARD SARAH'S MOTOR LAUNCH HEAR NOISES coming from the surrounding jungle.

SOLDIER

WHO IS IT? WHO'S OUT THERE?

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN'S VOICE
WE WANT THE BOAT. DROP YOUR GUNS
OR WE'LL BLAST YOU!

THE SOLDIERS hesitate, looking toward the dark spot where THE VOICE seems to originate.

TOBY'S VOICE
WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!

NITRO-WOMAN'S VOICE
DROP THOSE GUNS!

THE VOICES seem to come from everywhere. A SUDDEN BURST OF AUTOMATIC FIRE LIGHTS UP THE BLACK FOLIAGE and THE SOLDIERS react, flinging their WEAPONS over the side into the water channel.

THE REFUGEES spill out of the jungle. Quickly they scramble onto the boat, lifting THE CHILDREN AND THE WOUNDED on board carefully.

Suddenly, in the confusion so that it almost goes unnoticed, A ZOMBIE GRABS NITRO-WOMAN. IT BITES OPEN HER NECK. She kicks and tries to scream but her voice only gurgles with BLOOD.

JOHN steps up and SHOOTs THE ZOMBIE WITH HIS PISTOL. The creature falls to the ground taking the woman down with it. She looks up with pleading eyes, her hands clutching at her FOUNTAINING NECK. JOHN points his PISTOL at her head and FIRES.

Then he looks up into the deep, dark jungle, his eyes filling with tears. With all his might he pitches the PISTOL into the blackness. He unslings his RIFLE and pitches that, too, with both hands, with all his muscular might.

JOHN
Damn you, island! Damn you to hell
and worse!

MCDERMOTT
He's gonna say words over the dead
again. GET YER ASS MOVIN' FER
CHRISSAKE YA DUMB BASTARD!

MCDERMOTT Tries to slug from his flask. He finds it empty. With a shrug he tosses the thing overboard. THE ENGINE STARTS as JOHN climbs aboard, SARAH AND TOBY giving him their hands.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

THE MOTOR LAUNCH starts to glide out of the inlet toward the open Gulf of Mexico.

331 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER WITH DIESEL AND SPIDER - NIGHT 331

332 INT. THE LABORATORY AREA WITH RHODES AND BUB - NIGHT 332

(These two sequences are intercut for parallel action and suspense.)

ZOMBIES are crawling all over DIESEL now. He fights them off valiantly but his super-strength is waning. HE IS BITTEN AGAIN AND AGAIN, but he tries to keep himself between the mauling, clutching creatures and the deaf mute who is stumbling along ahead... getting very close to A HUGE SET OF CONCRETE SLABS, MOUNTED ON TRACKS... THE DOORS TO THE POWDER MAGAZINE.

MEANWHILE: RHODES stumbles towards another corner in the hallway near the conditioning room. BUB follows, his BOOT HEELS CLICKING just the way RHODES' own heels used to click when he was strutting through the same halls.

RHODES dives for a corner. BUB slaps leather. HE FIRES OFF ALL TWELVE.

RHODES rolls on the ground crazily. HE'S HIT... SEVERAL TIMES... but he's still alive. He pulls himself, in agony, out of range.

Calmly, BUB dumps out his spent shells and starts to reload as he walks on in deliberate pursuit.

RHODES struggles to his feet. He drags himself along a wall, desperation and the thought of escaping any more pain driving him. Behind him... THOSE ECHOING BOOT HEEL SOUNDS.

MEANWHILE: IN THE MAIN CHAMBER, DIESEL IS OVERCOME. HE IS DRAGGED DOWN BY A MOB OF ZOMBIES. THEY START TO TEAR HIM APART BIT-BY-BIT.

SPIDER WALKS ON ALONE. SHE IS JUST A FEW FEET FROM THE POWDER MAGAZINE NOW. A ZOMBIE GRABS HER FROM BEHIND BUT JUST GETS A HANDFUL OF SHIRT. SPIDER REACHES FORWARD BUT THE CREATURE HOLDS HER BACK. HER CHEST IS RUNNING RIVERS OF BLOOD NOW.

RHODES crashes through A DOORWAY into THE CONDITIONING ROOM. He realizes, too late, that there's no other exit. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! KA-POWEEEEEE! BULLETS hit the door frame behind him and he is forced to dive into the room. THOSE BOOT HEELS ARE GETTING LOUDER!

(CONTINUES)

334 INT. THE CONDITIONING ROOM - NIGHT 334

BUB stands in the doorway of the conditioning room. He stares over at RHODES' CORPSE, slapping his reloaded SIX-GUNS back into their leather homes. He shoots off one of those military salutes of his... just as the walls fall in on him.

335 EXT. THE MOTOR LAUNCH - NIGHT 335

CLOSE ON: THE FACES OF JOHN, SARAH, TOBY, MARY, McDERMOTT, LUKEY, THE CHILDREN. FLICKERING LIGHT dances over them. A HUGE BOOOOOOOM FILLS THE NIGHT AIR. SOME OF THE YOUNGER CHILDREN start to cheer, as though watching fireworks on the Fourth of July.

336 EXT. GASPARILLA'S ISLAND (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT 336

THE TOP BLOWS OFF THE ISLAND, just as TOBY predicted it would. It's as though an enormous, underground volcano is exploding. It's a frightening... yet beautiful sight.

337 EXT. ON BOARD THE BOAT - NIGHT 337

JOHN looks back over his shoulder. THE NURSE is kneeling beside THE BODIES OF TRICKS AND MAPMAKER. They are both dead. The woman is pulling blankets up over their heads.

TOBY steps forward, his PISTOL drawn. He pulls the hammer back and aims at TRICKS' head.

SARAH

No. Don't. We must wait. Wait to see if... wait until it's necessary.

DISSOLVE TO:

338 EXT. ANOTHER ISLAND (WIDE EST.) - MORNING 338

Gorgeous, a paradise. BIRDSONG fills the air.

339 EXT. A RIVER ON THE ISLAND - MORNING 339

THE REFUGEES ARE ALL GATHERED. THE CHILDREN walk, one by one, through the shallow water as JOHN baptizes them. SARAH, MARY AND THE NURSE carry the infants. When THE INFANT IN SARAH'S ARMS has been touched by JOHN, SARAH doesn't move. She looks up into the big man's warm eyes.

SARAH

Me too... please.

(CONTINUES)

CONTINUED:

JOHN gently cups a handful of river water and pours it onto the woman's forehead.

THE OTHER ADULTS, led by LUKEY, file into the river, all lining up before the baptist, waiting for their turns to be blessed into this tiny new society.

340

EXT. A BEACH ON THE ISLAND - MORNING

340

THE CORPSES OF TRICKS AND THE MAPMAKER lie, covered, in the sand. THE REFUGEES are gathered again, heads bowed, while JOHN speaks.

JOHN

Satan... ain't sent these men back.
Not yet, anyway... so we all hopin'
that maybe they is up there with
you, Lord. These might be the
first decent souls that we been
able ta offer ya in quite a few
years. That's a fact. We just
gonna... gonna pray, Lord. We
gonna pray that... what seems ta be
goin' on here... is really
happenin'. Anyway... I'm gonna
take a chance and speak these words
that I ain't spoke for a long
while... May they... rest in peace.

THE OTHERS

Amen.

341

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

341

THE TWO CORPSES lie in the MOONLIGHT. NIGHT CRITTERS SCREECH AND BURBLE back in the jungle behind the sand. It's an eerie scene.

SARAH is sitting up, her RIFLE ready in her lap, guarding the corpses. JOHN steps up behind her and she startles.

JOHN

Just me. I'll take the next shift.

SARAH

How long do we watch them?

JOHN

Forever, darlin'. Forever. 'Til
they turn ta dust an' blow away on
the wind.

342 EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

342

THE TWO BODIES lie rigid, stiff, under the KHAKI ARMY
BLANKETS that rise and fall, rise and fall with the Gulf
breezes.

Suddenly, A LOUD MUSIC CHORD! A SUDDEN MOVEMENT! It's the
movement of RED LETTERS that SPIN UP OFF THE CORPSES AND
SETTLE BEFORE OUR EYES. The letters read: THE END (I
PROMISE).